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ABOUT MONEY.—I.

IN a former article it was stated that some of the ideas of political communism in Europe are held by large numbers of persons in this country. It was intended to refer particularly to the fact that the "Labor Reform" movement contemplates, among other things, a readjustment of the relations of capital and labor, the practical outcome of which is to deprive capital of interest, and private persons of ownership. The ideas upon which this movement is based, as nearly as I can collect them from the writings of men who favor this reform, seem to be set forth in the following statements:

1. Money and property are the same thing, the former being only a certificate of the existence of the latter.

2. The owner of either money or capital is not justly entitled to any fruits therefrom. He can use it up if he chooses to do so, or he can hoard it, though this would be a social crime; but he is entitled to only a proper salary for his personal services. For example: if he owns twenty thousand dollars, and loans it, he may justly receive a clerk's salary for his trouble; but his money cannot earn anything.

3. There is not, properly speaking,

such a thing as capital. There are only earnings of labor, and what is earned is good only to consume. To attempt to make earnings earn more is to organize a conspiracy against Labor.

4. Money is a creation of the nation *by law*. It is the legal enactment that gives to gold or to paper a value as a circulating medium. Money is a certificate of credit. These certificates of credit represent property in use or invested, as in a farm. The State is bound to furnish money at cost of manufacture to all men who can give security in invested property, and to make paper money enough to supply all comers without interest. The cost of making bills and the cost of clerks and stationery, are the only legitimate profits of banks; and, as the State can more economically do this business, there should be no banks. The State should make and loan money—that is, loan paper money—at cost.

5. These ideas are defended by, among other things, a beautiful arithmetic which demonstrates that a dollar put at interest on Adam's first birthday would by this time own all property on the earth, or the greater part of it, or a good deal more, "as you like it." Interest is therefore fatal to

labor; it is fundamental to the rights of labor to annihilate interest.

In these statements I have tried to compress a good many pages of speculation, and I cannot feel quite certain that I know what the reformers mean or what they themselves know. They are usually men who have not learned the rigorous laws of expression, and the limits of rhetorical embellishment in argumentation.

But it is quite certain that they look down from their castles in Spain with a degree of contempt upon people who still believe in "money that chinks," and that they regard the creation of unlimited paper money and the abolition of banks, interest and "capital at work, away from its owner's hands," as the next move toward "Kingdom come and the year of Jubilee."

These ideas seem to me to deserve some attention; not on their merits, but solely because, in the absence of political education of a careful sort among us, multitudes of men are constantly seduced, by the fallacies which they contain, into political communism. For obvious reasons, I shall treat the subject of money (in this and the following number of the *LAKESIDE*) discursively and practically, though with constant reference to leading principles among which Liberty is the most important.

The first of the money reform ideas, as above stated, derives its force from a certain amount of truth in it, which evaporates so soon as it is added, "Money is an ideal representation of property by a ticket of some sort, intrinsically as destitute of value as a pasteboard invitation to a tea-party. It is the words 'one dollar' that confers value through confidence, and that may as well be stamped on paper as on a precious metal." The measure of truth there is in such assertions—as that "Money is nothing but property," and "Money is only a ticket certifying to property," and "Money has power to circulate by force of

confidence,"—is what gives them currency among us.

The same words are constantly used to express different things, and this is a necessity of human speech. A vocabulary with a word for every thing would be too large to be learned in a lifetime, and most of us must learn our words at great disadvantage and in a short time. Among the words that enter into definitions in political economy, several have two significations rather easily confounded; and it is therefore one of the best fields for original and irresponsible speculation. Among the words most convenient for such gymnastics, *Money* is the most unfortunately liable to abuse. For, by money we constantly mean either of three things—a circulating medium, non-invested property, or invested property. We say every day *money is abundant or scarce*, and *Smith is worth so much money*, or *has turned his stock into money*. And yet we all know that a circulating medium and property are not the same, and the difference between invested and non-invested property; even the reformers know it and bewail it. Part of their trouble is that one may have property and not have money. Every man has frequent occasion to be bruised by collision with this distinction. But when it is said they ought to be the same, and must be before we are all happy, the precise and only reason for our using the same word to express them is, by our reformers, either forgotten or boldly rejected.

There is just this only point of connection between money and capital, or property. *Only property can be money: nothing else is money*. But the greater part of property is not money at all.

In order to have a medium of exchange we put, by a tacit social argument, *some property* into a form which we call money; and it retains that form, and draws no interest, earns no wages, is exactly what the reform-

ers want all property to be — utterly profitless, vagrant and idle. The double and twisted logical knot of the reformer is made by confusing himself and those who listen to him, through asserting that money is now permitted to earn ten per cent.; whereas money earns nothing whatever. All the capital of the world which is represented in money is idle capital. To facilitate exchanges, Society (not State) has set aside, withdrawn from production, a certain portion of capital (or surplus earnings of labor) to be used as an instrument in transfers. This property turned into money may be compared to the screws by which buildings are raised at Chicago in three points:

1st. The screws cannot be used for other purposes while used in raising buildings.

2d. Whatever value or service they return to the owner is solely as screws.

3d. The capital in the screws is paid for (interest) by all who benefit by their services.

In other words, the cost of money, or the interest upon that capital withdrawn from other use, is systematically, inevitably levied upon other property by natural laws as certain as gravitation. But this form of interest is totally distinct from that which is paid when we borrow money. The capital which society puts into the form of money is paid for without help from brokers or bankers or "purse-proud capitalists," or "bloated bond-holders." It collects its earnings in the adjustments of *price*, and nobody's ledgers do or can show the rate per cent. That must be found by comparing the earnings of property not in money with what the earnings of all property would be if more were in money (an impossible calculation) and taking the difference. This difference evaporates in the thin air of price.

When one man borrows money of another, he does not borrow money

at all; he borrows capital. Smith sells his sheep for one thousand dollars. Jones borrows the money which Smith receives for his sheep. It is the same as if he had borrowed the sheep. Jones takes from Smith the capital that was in the sheep, but which has been disengaged from investment and put into the state of money. As money it is idle, and earns nothing. But Smith, who was receiving profit from his sheep — before sheep were protected to death — does not want idle capital. He may be a money reformer, and still prefer sheep that yield a profit, to money that won't earn a cent. Jones may be a money reformer too; and yet, if he sees a chance to make a hundred dollars in three months by buying cattle, he will pay Smith twenty dollars for the use of the capital that was in the sheep, is now in the inactive state of money, and will presently be in the cattle. It is capital which changes its form, and money is an agent (property reduced to idleness) which society employs to make these changes or exchanges. Money is idle capital, kept idle (that is from earning) that it may assist other capital to change hands. It is for the interest of society that a natural law renders money thriftless. Every one's interest compels him to get rid of money as soon as possible. Many other forms of property are more or less productive by force of nature. This form of property never is. It even runs down and depreciates — though very slowly and inappreciably — always and in every man's hands. The Vanderbilts, even, cannot make money earn or prevent its losing slowly.

It is necessary to insist with the utmost emphasis upon the fact that only a small part of *property* is or can be *money*. The fallacy of the money reformer is in the assumption that one kind of property is just as much money as another. The beneficence of natural laws is seen in the limits put upon the power and the quantity of

money. Its only power comes of spending; it is worthless (that is, earns nothing) to keep. It is every man's interest, *especially* every laborer's interest, that the quantity of money should be as small as possible; for money takes its pay for service out of price as regularly as a miller takes toll out of the hopper.

When we speak of the power of money, we mean the power of capital or property. When we speak of the interest of money, we mean the interest of capital. When a man wishes to borrow money, he wishes to get the use of capital. Timothy has a farm worth five thousand dollars. He believes that it will profit him to increase his stock of machinery and improve his buildings. To do this requires half the value of his farm. He proposes to borrow; but, being a labor-money reformer, he is disgusted by a demand for interest. "I only want credit, and I am good security, or my farm is." Timothy deceives himself. He wants *property*. He desires lumber, nails, iron machinery and labor. For these things he does not propose to exchange *his* property. He proposes to keep every acre, every tree, every pig and calf. He is sagacious, and sees how he can handle more property if he had it. He is ambitious, and proposes to make more. He believes that he can do so by taking his neighbor's property under his care. But he has not the face to ask that neighbor to give him the free use of lumber, nails, etc., to be returned in kind, without increase, at a given time. He knows better. But he goes to a banker who has idle capital, and asks the use of money; and he considers himself wronged because the banker wants a profit on *his own* capital. Now he could as justly ask his neighbor to give him his pigs and calves, or cows and oxen, for a length of time sufficient to make a profit.

The relation of the banker to society is extremely simple. So far

as he owns capital, he is a man who keeps his property in an uninvested condition, and lends it to other men for a share in the profits. He may be an extortioner, and so may a farmer be. I have known a great many farmers, and mostly good people they were, but I never knew one who would not take a high price for his cattle when he only had cattle to sell, and many wanted to buy. A banker who takes a high rate for the use of money, upon good security, only sells earnings at market price. Farmers always do even the same.

It was said above that natural law strictly limits the quantity of money. It is a common interest to keep down the amount of property reduced to idleness. But the quantity of money and the quantity of *capital to lend* are very different things. We usually mean that but little capital is out of investment when we say "money is scarce;" and by little, we mean less than the demand for the use of capital. But it is also true—though the facts are a world apart—that when there are few exchanges there is little money, and when there are many exchanges money must be abundant. I mean in this last statement the literal stuff.

A rural community with few exchanges would be unwise if it kept, through one of its citizens, all the money that could possibly be wanted for all possible exchanges. Of many evils this is chief and most apparent; that community would have so much less earnings left to divide at the end of the year as the sum of the loss on this idle capital. It should be added that we often find money scarce because we have nothing to exchange for it except the I. O. U. with which Micawber paid Traddles. A man out of money and having nothing to sell must be impecunious.

It is scarcely necessary to explain at much length what we mean by capital. A laborer earns two dollars a day, and spends one. The other

dollar becomes capital. It is unexpended earnings. It is the result of self-denial and economy. The capitalist holds the savings of industry. If he acquired it honestly, no man can complain. If he got it dishonestly, enforce the laws, or make better laws against theft and fraud, or get better judges; but do not ask the man who saved a dollar yesterday to consume it to-day, lest it may by and by swallow up all property at six per cent.

"No," replies our Timothy, "I do not ask him to use it up. Let him buy a pig, or save up and buy a farm and work it himself." Well, brother Timothy, if all men did that, you could not borrow money at all. When you applied to Smith, he would reply "No, thank you; I guess I'll buy that farm myself. It's my duty, you know. Interest eats up everything; a dollar just at interest," etc. This is on the supposition that money is capital. If money be moonshine, as many suppose, the whole case might be altered, and that species of moonshine might be as abundant and as worthless as sentimental moonshine always is.

If it be urged that capital when invested does not realize an annual rate as high as that allowed by law for the use of money, I reply that this is usually, though not always, true; but no rule can be made which will cover the case in hand, except the obvious one that the man is a fool who borrows capital at a higher rate than he can reasonably hope to receive for it, plus a return for his labor and risk. When a man borrows uninvested capital to invest in an enterprise, he expects to get a fair profit on the undertaking.

The price of capital when loaned is increased by several circumstances of a general character:

1. The lender takes more or less of the risk of an investment which he can neither guide nor control.

2. An element of uncertainty attaches to the time of payment.

3. The cost of collection by legal means must be taken to cover contingencies.

4. Many borrowers repudiate moral obligation to return borrowed money's earnings, and usury laws and a public sentiment cultivated under them attach opprobrium to bankers. The effect is to reduce the moral standard set for and by lenders of capital.

5. Capital kept to lend is out of employment a part of the time.

The real ground of discontent arises from the credit system, which is only banking on loose principles and at an immense cost to labor.

Nine borrowers in ten, in rural districts or among laborers, are debtors who wish to escape from burdens which they have voluntarily assumed. A buys a farm, paying down one-fourth of its value; but as B, the seller, wants all his capital to invest elsewhere, the money for three-fourths of the farm is borrowed. To find C and induce him to invest capital in a farm to be worked and managed by A, a considerable bait must be cast into commercial water. Accordingly ten per cent. is offered and accepted. But A presently finds that the farm, after paying him for his labor, returns only four per cent. Given the conditions, the result is as certain as that water runs down hill. A is eaten up, by interest. Interest and capitalists become hateful things. A has lost his one-fourth value of the farm. Did he not work early and late, go naked, and pinch his family? Yes, and it is very pitiful. But A's misfortunes are due to a careless use of his slate pencil. Counting all the income of the farm and half the expenses, he saw in his day-dream twenty per cent. profit and — blundered. If paper money had been as abundant and as cheap as fools are, the blunder would have been the same and the result the same.

It is a wise remark of Herbert Spencer, that the State ought not to pass laws relieving fools from the

consequences of their folly. If a man makes a bad investment, or contracts debts of any sort with no reasonable prospect of paying them, it is the interest of society that he should suffer as an example to other men. And because natural law has this beneficent provision, improvident debtors are constantly suffering in the world. It would soon cease to be a world at all, if they did not suffer.

With regard to money and debts, society may be divided into three classes:

1. Men who do not get into debt, and neither borrow nor lend—a very small class in this country, or any other.

2. A class of men who are always investing other men's capital, and undertaking to realize a profit to themselves from the investment—a very large class of men, the greater part of whom have thriven on this trade with hope; a small part of whom are always unthrifty; some of whom are now and then unfortunate, after judicious study of changing conditions.

3. A small class of men who hold their capital for loan, reinforced by men of the other classes, who now and then have surplus capital, and prefer loans to investment on their own account. Under this class are found widows and orphans who cannot safely invest for themselves.

The second of these classes creates the third class by its demands for capital to use. If any one of them is discontented with the price of capital on loan, he can save himself all direct personal harm by joining the first class, who pay as they go. But to demand that society shall put the capital of other men into his hands, without obligation to return the market value of earnings, is like asking the use of farms without rental,—and when the demand takes the form of voting to enforce such ideas, it is political communism, and that is the Parisian fashion of highway robbery. It does not alter the case to plead

that the object of such legislation is to deprive men of the power to keep capital safely and productively without investment. It is still an unwarrantable interference with natural laws, to the detriment of all honest men including the money reformers.

"Money is nothing but credit. When a man wants money he only wants a ticket of credit."

Now credit is a more vague term than money—much more. It may even be used for money—that is, for capital not in the uninvested form. A man's credit at his bank is apt to be just the balance standing to his credit on the books of the bank. Most of us have seen "No Funds" written on the backs of checks signed by men of large means.

When, however, we speak of borrowing credit, we mean getting the use of capital. There is, I think, no way of getting credit without getting just so much capital into our power. Goods on credit mean the capital they represent on credit—and it is a pretty constant rule that they cost in that way more than ten per cent. above their cash value. "I have credit." You mean that others will put their capital into your hands, usually on condition that you put more of yours into their hands. But credit cannot mean that one man may have the use of another man's goods of any sort without equivalent.

When our labor-money reformer wants credit-money, he wants, if he knows the meaning of human language when he uses it, capital at loan. Nothing else will do him any good. If he asks this capital without return of earnings, he asks to despoil his neighbor.

And yet credit-money is conceived of in another aspect. So much property, so much credit-money. "A man's credit ought to be equal to his property. This gives each man who owns ten thousand dollars' worth of property ten thousand dollars to speculate with. He keeps his cake,

and eats it too. It just doubles him up to a twenty thousand dollar man. Suppose it does? What gain would be got from multiplying property by two? This method of watering property is quite other than that of a railroad corporation which has the power to make other men pay it interest on water. Further, it may be said that if every man had the power of doubling his capital, or apparently doubling it in this way, that is, of always commanding loans without interest to the amount of his capital, the system, if it could be got upon its pins for a day or two, would break down by the rashness and improvidence which it would stimulate.

But the communistic aspect of this proposed reform appears when its methods are considered. The property of the whole people is assumed to be in the hands of, and subject to, the demands of the nation for any purpose. "The nation is rich. Its credit is limited only by the sum of all the property in the nation." Therefore the nation should furnish on its credit money free of interest to all comers.

Now, in such a transaction the State must undertake to transfer to the holders of its paper the property of its citizens, to furnish Smith money by putting the property of Jones at risk, or the transaction is wholly illusory — elegant moonshine, entirely. Now, upon the ideas of liberty held sacred by the constitution, the nation does not own Jones' property. The nation owns its navy, its guns, its public buildings, and, if paying a good round sum would create ownership, it would also own a good many of its public men. But the nation does not own Jones' farm. Let us clear the whole subject of illusions by saying that Jones is probably not mistaken in supposing that he owns it himself. As much is true of all property except what is called national property.

Over this property of Jones the government of the nation has only one right, that of its fair share of the cost of good government. Any confusion about this point is fatal to liberty. The notion that the government can at pleasure create indefinite liens upon private estates is despotic — is the real thing for which despotisms are such and not free institutions. A reform which begins by annihilating all private ownership, by doing a banking business upon private property, is a reform backwards, and would give up at a throw all the progress of five centuries.

It does not help the matter a whit to reason that it would be a common and universal benefit. I should deny that; but I should more vehemently deny that governments have the right to do whatever governments believe will be universally beneficial. I deny it above all to "the Sovereign people of these United States," where sovereignty cannot possibly be interpreted to mean the right of the majority to do what it likes with all property. The sovereignty of the people is an illusion, or it means that nobody is despotically sovereign here. If it be interpreted to mean a many-headed despotism, then by all means possible let us hurry up the single-headed despotisms. One great robber can be shot or stabbed or made uncomfortable enough to emigrate; but the many cannot be so easily managed, especially since experience shows that the many means the managing body within the majority.

It is no answer to a charge of spoliation that the intentions therein are excellent. The same plea is always made and has always been made. "Hell is paved with good intentions." So also are the paths of aristocrats, monopolists, and princes. The plain principle stares us constantly in the face, whether we return the compliment or do not, with its hard reasoning that when you have

established your unlimited lien of the nation over all wealth, you have annihilated liberty and converted us all into slaves, waiting for the masters who will soon arrive and take possession. When you propose that the government shall do the business of a bank of issue upon the property of the citizens, you really propose that it shall create debt obligations against property which it does not own; and this is not essentially different from a proposition to allow Smith and Jones to employ the property of their neighbors in a credit system of banking. It cannot be too much insisted upon that spoliation lies at the bottom of all such systems. The communistic idea in them denies private ownership, and the money created by legalization of notes or promises to pay, issued by governments, can have no just power to bind private property beyond its proper proportion of taxation. The moment you begin to reason from the credit value of all the wealth of the people as a basis for confidence, you either assume the existence of power to vote indefinite liens upon all private property, and the power to dispose of all private property, or you found a system of exchanges upon an intellectual confusion between the right of just taxation and the right of appropriation.

Modern liberty is a delusion if it does not create and intrench within the solid walls of constitutional law the *private ownership* of property. Despotism claims all for the government; modern liberty limits the government to the cost of its legitimate functions.

To push government back from trespass beyond these lines set by liberty is the proper and most urgent duty of real reformers. When we are asked to reform by that method suggested by a venerable Doctor of Divinity for curing the evils of the Franking Privilege—by giving it to everybody—that is, to cure trespasses

under which labor groans and patriots turn white with fear, by one great trespass which takes all at a stride and turns back civilization to feudal ages, we must ask the sweet-spirited advocates to be patient when we count them somewhat worse enemies of liberty than any others among us.

We are learning by bitter lessons that taste worse and worse daily, that the government is one thing and the people another. And how came the lesson to be so clear and so distasteful? Whether you look to New York, Albany, Chicago or Washington, you find the evil to reside in the abuse of power over private property by the governments.

These abuses have come of many things; but the greatest of our evil fates is that which deluged the country with a credit-money, and enlarged at once the desire to create and multiply by law the liens of credit-bills of all sorts upon the private property of the free citizens of the Union. Unless we can get back, and that soon—before precedent ripens into the maturity of settled practice in the courts—to the solid ground of liberty, the war and its blessings will become the bitterest and most fatal of curses. In the effort to invest four millions of slaves with power over their own earnings, we shall have deprived thirty-five millions of whites, theretofore free in the use of their estates, of all real ownership of earnings.

But whatever function over and above government a State may wisely assume, the one which it most certainly cannot wisely assume is that of banking. Imagine the virtuous gentlemen who gathered about our Merry Andrew entrusted with the wealth of the people! Imagine any possible collection of men exposed to the temptations of such power! Imagine the thing, when put in motion, running for twelve months under the very pinks of American virtue!

I have gone far to suppose such a theory reduced to practice. The simple and honest souls who believe in it are a dangerous reinforcement of the army of men, growing larger yearly, who struggle to gain a complete control over the estates of our citizens. The reinforcement is dangerous, because, while Tam O'Shanter in New

York rowdy dress knows that he is a thief, and that a fashionable form of stealing is the thing he wants, John Smith in search of abundant "credit" is as sincere as he is unwise. He is dangerous because he desires to redress some wrongs by methods which would put Right out of practical existence in our society. D. H. WHEELER.

A PASEAR TO MONTEREY.

IN a country where "*Buenos días*" and "*Mille gracia*" are heard as often as "How d'you do?" and "Thank you," it is not surprising that one picks up and learns to use some of the soft Spanish words instead of the harsher English, — and "*pasear*" has certainly not the grating sound of "pleasure-excursion." When I say "In a country," I do not include San Francisco with the rest of California; for in that city it is easier any day to meet a two-story house trundled through the streets on wheels, than a genuine *señorita* in flounced dress and tantalizing *rebozo*, or a native Californian with the characteristic Mexican slouchiness of dress and bearing.

My "*pasear*" was to end only when I got tired of travelling; but my brother, who was purse-bearer as well as cicerone, and ungallant as all brothers are, declared himself amply satisfied after a week's tramp, and insisted on returning to his favorite burrow. When I left San Francisco, the people said it was hot; when I came to San Jose, I found it hotter; and on reaching Gilroy, I found that there it was hottest. At this latter place we concluded to engage a private conveyance which would take us through the country at our leisure.

Leaving town early in the morning, we shaped our course for Watsonville

in the Pajaro Valley. Yesterday's heat belonged to the things of the past. The sun had not yet dispelled the fog that lay in thin banks on the Coast Range and the Contra Costa Mountains; and the dust — that greatest trial to people who spend their first summer in California — was not likely to rise under the heavy dew before we could reach the hard mountain-road. The thriving town was soon behind us, and the "ragged edges of the skirts of civilization" altogether disappeared as we rounded a low range of hills which seemed trying to shelter the beautiful valley lying between them and the higher mountains. The Ubas creek runs through the valley, its course marked by willows, water-maples, and green bushes of all kinds, forming a delightful contrast to the yellow fields on which, overshadowed here and there by a tall sycamore or a branching oak, mountains of ripened grain were stacked. The live-oak abounded here, as well as the white-oak; also the poison-oak, of which farmers could harvest an almost unlimited crop, if so disposed. Out of the midst of these treacherous thickets the wild rose blossomed and shed its perfume over the fields, looking up at us like a fresh and beautiful child-face from the dusty roadside. Ground squirrels darted by us and across our path in

every direction, vanishing in their caverns on the hill-side or in the road under the very feet of our horses.

Vineyards varied with grain fields, almost every inch of ground as far as the mountains being cultivated, though there were few houses to be seen. A sort of shanty made of brush spread over branches and poles in the most primitive style, serves the Spanish people for houses, while watching their crops or those of their American employers through the summer months—these Americans who generally own large tracts of land, mostly residing in some neighboring town. Some of the farms are an exception to this rule, and on them we saw dwelling-houses with surrounding gardens, as comfortable as any in the older States.

My brother, who had not crossed the mountains for some years, boldly struck into the first road that turned from the dusty highway, taking for granted that it must be the stage-road to Watsonville. Delighted to find ourselves under magnificent shade-trees on a hard, slowly-rising, narrow road, running along the mountain, with streams of clear water breaking into sight from among rocks and mosses and overhanging trees, we pursued our way rejoicingly, till the fresh green branches striking our faces at every step suggested the natural inquiry as to how the big heavy stage, passing here twice a day, could have left all the tender little twigs so perfect. We deliberated. If we turned back to inquire about the road, we should have to drive a good many miles to find a farm-house. On the other hand, the road grew narrower all the time, and less travelled, and how to turn was even now a very grave question. There was a rotten-looking log lying on the edge of the road, and if this withstood the pressure of the buggy against it, we might accomplish our object. Keeping a sharp look-out in the rear, I gave no-

tice in time to prevent the hind wheels of the buggy from going over the log and down the embankment, and with the feet of the horses striking the bank that rose on the other side, we managed to crawl out of this "tight place." Fortunately, we found a "redwood-man" at the foot of the mountain, who said we had been up "Billy Boneset's redwood road," and told us how to find the stage-road.

Discovering a house before re-ascending, we stopped to water the horses, and while they were drinking, a boy not more than twelve years old came in from the mountains, lugging a large dead wild-cat. "He reckoned that this was the fellow who had eaten his chickens, and he had put a stop to it now."

We soon realized that we had struck the stage-road from the amount of dust on it, and not until we had come within the region of the redwood could I discover anything of the grandeur that all these mountains are claimed to possess. The redwood trees are gigantic; the moss sometimes festooning them, after the manner of the cypress trees in Louisiana, adds to their looks of great age. In places where they open and afford a view of the surrounding hills, the picture is grand, but very desolate and lonely. In the ravines below and on the ridges above us were manzanita, laurel, and madroño trees, the two former kinds furnishing wood too well known for its beauty to need description. Flocks of quail flew up with their peculiar "whirr" when we came close to them, and once, on the branch of a madroño, sat a squirrel trying with all its little might to imitate the shrill, rasping cry of the bluebirds. Coyotes were not scarce on the mountain or in the valley, and a fox would sometimes steal a furtive look at us before retreating to cover.

Our horses were panting with heat and thirst when we reached the summit. Here the change in the atmosphere was instantaneous, the sea

breeze fanning us with its grateful coolness the very moment we made the last turn in the road. We halted a moment, for here, through the dark stiff foliage of the tall redwoods, the country we were to enter lay before us like a fairy land.

Far down into the Pajaro Valley we gazed—far out gleamed the ocean which framed the picture like a white misty band. Groups of redwood extended into the valley, smiling with grain fields and relieved from the monotony by tree-shaded houses and placid lagunas with water of such clear dark blue that they reminded me of the calm deep eyes of Sister Stanisla in the old convent at home. While my thoughts were still with her, the most lovely scene I had beheld for many a day, spread itself before us. A laguna, almost encircling an orchard and garden, lay in the foreground; beyond was a slowly-rising ground, surmounted by a low-built church, rearing aloft the cross, and closely encompassed by peaceful-looking, white-fenced graves. On one side of it, surrounded by trees, there was a building evidently devoted to educational purposes, and through the windows I fancied I could again see Sister Stanisla passing from room to room amid the loving glances and whispered words of endearment from the children in the school-room.

Watsonville is an American town, as I had supposed from the substantial pretty houses and thriving young orchards I had seen some miles in its rear. There are no Mexican houses to be seen here at this time, though one or two Mexican names linger in the town, and Mexican horse-thieves and miscreants in general were not scarce in former days. The man whom I saw in the main street, as we entered the place, driving a magnificent brown horse, could in regard to this "a tale unfold." They broke into his house one Sunday morning while he and his family were in church, possessed themselves of his

wife's watch and jewelry, one or two valuable horses, and decamped. Discovering the state of things on his return, he did not wait to give information to the Sheriff or "whomever it might concern," but saddling his horse, and taking with him two neighbors, who had also been losers through the depredations of these men, started in pursuit. Overtaking the culprits at the Panocha Mines, he singled out one man, while he left the other to his companions. To make quite sure of his prisoner, he shot him dead on the spot, and returned to Watsonville, advising his friends first to do the same with their man. Hesitating to take the law into their own hands, however, their prisoner succeeded not only in making his escape, but also in murdering one of his captors. "Sarved him right," old T. is said to have remarked when told of the fact; "horse-thieves should be killed wherever they're *took*."

We chose the short road to Monterey, through the Salinas Plains though not by Salinas City, leaving that for the homeward trip. Grain fields again; but as we neared Castroville, they seemed to grow black, as though blighted—the effects of the sea-fog, I was told. As we approached Elkhorn Slough, the wind drove back the fog, so that we could see the ocean and mark the surf rolling up against the bank over which we were driving. The horses were spirited, and rather protested against the roar and the din of the waves coming so near to them, and when we entered the rickety ferry-boat that was to carry us over the slough, they had to be held to their duty by main force. More grain fields beyond Castroville; it seemed to me that all California could be supplied with wheat and barley from the Salinas and Pajaro Valley, leaving a heavy surplus then to be shipped to Europe. The plains were alive with men, horses and steam-engines, with which reapers, mowers, headers and threshers were being worked. Houses were but

thinly scattered, and the want of water is felt more severely than ever this year, though the crops are in such good condition. The Salinas River, where we forded it at the Estrada crossing, is a clear, pretty creek at this season of the year, sporting green willows and young cotton-wood on its banks. In winter, of course, it is not fordable, but furnishes hunters with a rich variety of game all the way up from the ocean. The river seems to be the limit to the grain-growing country as well as to American civilization in this region. The last school-house stands on the ridge above it, and beyond, toward Monterey, I saw no other. Still, I wish most emphatically to contradict the story told by an Eastern man to the effect that there are no school-houses in the rural districts of California. No State I have travelled in can boast of a greater number of school-houses, in proportion to its population, than California.

Low sand hills to the right, and the hollow moaning sound coming from a distance, tell me that the ocean lies just beyond. So lonely is the road that I can almost fancy myself back in the wilds of New Mexico; and the swarthy natives we meet now and then, ambling along on their lean horses, swinging their *riatas*, serve to strengthen the impression.

A Mexican town is Monterey—so intensely Mexican that all the hosts of Americans surging through its ancient precincts have left no trace on its immovable Spanish features. True, the old fort on the hill yonder, overlooking the bay, was built by General (then Captain) Halleck, but I am very certain it is the site of the older Spanish presidio, established in 1770 or a little later. When Mexico became an independent nation, Monterey was the seat of the Governor of California. As early as 1814 foreign settlers came into the country; and it was here that Mr. Gilroy, after whom the town in Santa Clara Valley is named, first

landed. English people and Americans soon came in greater numbers, were well received, and repaid the Mexican Government by repeated attempts to wrest the country from its rulers. In 1836 an American of the name of Graham, and a native Californian, Alvarado, at the head of fifty Americans and one hundred Mexicans, captured the presidio at Monterey, with six hundred Mexican soldiers in garrison and the Governor of the Territory in its walls, and made an abortive attempt to establish California as an independent State.

In 1842 the presidio was again seized, and California declared a Territory of the United States. But the bold raider hauled down the stars and stripes next day, and duly apologized to the Mexican authorities. The Americans finally took possession in 1846, and in January, 1847, Sherman came here, and Halleck, in the U. S. store-ship "Lexington," with part of the Third U. S. Artillery. I was told that some of the men who came with Fremont in 1849 are still living in Monterey; but it was not my good fortune to meet with any of them.

At the foot of the hill on which arise the earth-walls of the fort, a large cross has been erected bearing the inscription—June 3d, 1770. On this spot the first mass was read on the day of his arrival by Father Junipero Serro. The *padre* was among the first white men who set foot on this ground, he belonging to the reverend fathers to whose order the possessions of the expelled Jesuits were given by the Spanish Government. From the city of Mexico he took with him sixteen monks, and set out to establish the missions in this country, then called Upper California. What was called Lower California then embraced also the territory in Arizona where we find these missions established by the Jesuit fathers, who, as mentioned just above, being expelled from Spain and her dominions, were succeeded by the fathers of the Order of 'St.

Francis, building their missions in California.

The mission of San Carlos de Monterey, situated some four miles back of Monterey, in the beautiful little valley of Carmel, was the second mission founded in California; San Diego being the first, and the landing-place of the Spanish in 1768. The road from Monterey to the mission takes us up among the pines and cypresses for which Monterey is famed, madroños and different trees of lighter foliage softening the effect of the sombre-looking forest. As we follow the winding road, the distant thundering of the breakers on the rocks falls on the ear whenever we come to an opening in the hills, white clouds of fog hiding it still from sight. But now, just as the Carmel Valley smiles up at us from its narrow bed, and presents to us the mission church with its yellow turrets and fretted iron cross, the light zephyrs draw back the curtain from the sea, and the sun dances with delight on the rippled surface of its blue waves.

Verily, these reverend fathers understood well the human heart and—their own comfort. A spot like this must bring the thoughts of mortals nearer to heaven, even though the mortals be heathens—and the heathens encountered here by the missionaries were tractable and docile, with strong devotional feelings. On the other hand, no place could be found where the vine and the fig-tree, the golden grain and the waving corn, so flourished and thrived as in the valley of Carmel; and the water, splashing and murmuring where it bounded meadow and field with a narrow strip of sand and an endless expanse of glimmering shifting blue and white and golden sea, must have sounded a bewitching lullaby in the ears of the pious men, when reclining for their noonday siesta under the wide-branching pear-trees of the mission garden.

What a sad wail the wind seemed to make as we drew up in front of the

old church, and found that it was merely an empty shell—the outside walls and bell-towers perfect, but the interior a black, yawning, vacant space. Arches of yellow stone spanned the nave of the church—twelve in number—holding the roof without aid of column or pillar. Smooth-polished and tastefully cut, these stones composing the arches would be admitted and admired in any building erected at this day. The walls and towers are also of this yellow stone; the interior, as I said before, is perfectly bare, though there are some faint traces of the altar still to be seen. Back of the altar-space is a high, narrow apartment, with a little grated window away up in the wall. I did not venture inside the building, though it looked safe enough, with the exception of a slight leaning to the right side, of which the next earthquake may take advantage; but from where I stood, I could see that the earth forming the floor of this apartment had been tossed up and spaded over in every direction. The occasion for this struck me as the most remarkable of all the incidents in the life and death of a very remarkable man. The story is this: When the Mission San Carlos began to decay, after the advent of the Mexican *regime*, the priests and bishops of San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, San Juan Bautista and other places, proceeded to Monterey for the purpose of removing the remains of Padre Junipero to some less neglected burial-ground. Taking up the stone under the altar where he was supposed to lie sleeping the last sleep, what was their consternation to find the bones of the *padre* missing! Calling together a council, the old archives were searched, and here it was found committed in writing that Padre Junipero had been buried behind the altar, and, according to their interpretation of the term, in this little room with the grated window. So they burrowed in the ground like so many gophers—these pious men—but not a trace of the *padre's*

bones could they find. Then they dug outside around the church in every direction, but without success. The burial-place of the Padre Junipero remains a secret to this day. The fathers tried to hush up this mysterious disappearance of his Reverence's bones, and the story is not generally known; but I knew it to be true when I looked into the little narrow room, and up at the hollow bell-towers, and at the dismantled adobe houses, and at the deserted church which would not have looked at us with such sunken dreary eyes if it were the *padre's* resting place and his spirit hovered over it.

Let us leave the shadow of the ruins, and return to the hotel and to dinner; for though the pears from the trees in the old mission garden are sweet, they have not a pleasant flavor, and we have been peering and clambering around this place long enough to want something more substantial than a view of the romantic country. As we re-enter Monterey the "whale-smell" again greets me, but my brother says it is only the smell of the salt water. The fact is, I had heard so much of the big whales captured in the bay and disposed of in Monterey, that I rather expected to see the streets paved with whalebone. However, the streets are clean, considering it is a Mexican town; and though running at random in all sorts of surprising directions, they make a quaint, old-fashioned picture, with their ancient houses and blooming gardens shut in by high adobe walls. A great many houses are deserted, and I stare hard at their blind windows and shrunken doors, and try to imagine how they looked when our American Solons flourished here in 1849, making up a constitution for the newly acquired Territory.

The custom-house of this grand port of Monterey always amused me. The lower part is built of stone, and the upper story, top-heavy and of wood, looks like an old Quaker bonnet

put on awry. The lower story is rented out to a man who makes jewelry of the *abalone* shells found in the bay, and when you want to go to his "sales-rooms," you are obliged to creep through ever so many broken gates and back yards, till you almost fall down a steep place into the sea, and then you get into his shop at last. These *abalone* shells are very handsome, and by no means plentiful. The inside surface glitters with every color, and the sea-mosses covering the outside, when first taken from the ocean, are scarcely less brilliant in hue.

The bones of defunct whales lying around promiscuously among the bodies of tailless sharks do not make the beach a desirable bathing place, in my estimation, though I am told that the sharks do not molest people, and the Chinamen catch them, cut off their fins and tails, and let their bodies wash away with the tide. Farther back, but still close to the sea, a pine-forest extends to the Monterey light-house, and this drive is one of the pleasantest about Monterey.

We left Monterey by a different road from the one that brought us there, and as we had company, we did not apprehend getting on the wrong road to Salinas. The last I saw of Monterey was the grave-yard, located among the ruins of some old stone-houses, as near as I could see, and every grave marked by a pile of rocks instead of a cross or paling. Through the mountains we went again. Neither redwood nor pine grew on our path, which seemed to lie through a succession of pleasant, though silent valleys. Quite inappropriately, this deep silence was sometimes broken by a flock of chattering magpies, who would gather close by the roadside and watch us passing, under a heavy fire of impertinent remarks from their side, which had not at all been provoked from ours. How different to theirs was the soft voice of the doves that flew along with us sometimes in a friendly yet shy manner, evidently

well pleased to see company, without pressing their attentions on us. When the grass is green under oak and sycamore, this road must be charming; at this season the dryness of the ground is palpable, like the heat.

Over toward the Gavilan Mountains my brother pointed out where Fremont and his men took their stand, in 1846. It was on or near the *ranche* of one of those Mexican *Dons* whose sons we see to-day lounging around some of the little flimsy towns to which they have lent their grand Castilian names. It is pitiful to see them; for with the countless acres of land and unnumbered herds of cattle they have yielded to the bustling restless Americans, they seem to have lost

every support, morally and physically. They slouch and mope around the scene of their former glory like so many swarthy ghosts, dressed in ill-fitting American "store clothes," happy if only their coveted *cigarito* is left them. I cannot feel the contempt which a great many Americans profess for Don José or Don Ramon, who once owned league upon league of land, and are now gaining a precarious existence in some petty office or business. "They're a shiftless set," is the fiat of most Americans; but how could they have held their vast tracts of land against these Americans, and where would all these Americans be to-day if they had?

JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD.

HOW OUR LUMBER IS MADE.

IN a former article in this magazine, entitled "Where Our Lumber Comes From," we discussed the source of our lumber supply and the magnitude and importance of the lumbering business of the West. It is the purpose of the present paper to give a brief and general description of the process by which lumber is manufactured.

The true starting-point in the manufacture of lumber is in the forest. There the first blow is struck; there the first step is taken toward the erection of the mill; and there is obtained the raw material without which the mill is useless.

A logging-camp is not such an uninteresting place as one might at first suppose. It is true, there are no home pleasures; but there are rude comforts and robust health and innocent enjoyments that give a peculiar fascination to the wild, free life of the lumbermen.

We well remember our first visit to a logging-camp. Seated with a friend

in a comfortable cutter, behind a span of splendid roadsters, we sped over the crisp snow, past little villages and scattering farm-houses,—the landscape growing wilder and more lonely, and the woods denser, as we proceeded. At length we struck the region of pine; and the wind brought to us delicious balsamic odors, and souged among the branches with a monotonous half-sad cadence. It was late in the evening when we arrived at the "shanty." The first sight that met our gaze, when the door of the rude cabin was flung open, was a long tamarack pole suspended over the stove, and dangling from it were at least three dozen pairs of stockings, of almost every hue. Trivial as this incident may appear, we never think of the pinery without seeing that pole of dangling socks. We entered the shanty, and found the interior arrangements not unlike soldiers' barracks. One side was occupied by the bunks; on the opposite side was a long rude

bench or table. One end of the building was used as a cook-room; while at the other end was the "heater"—a rough sheet-iron affair, but very inviting after our long, cold ride. The men soon made a space for us, and we warmed ourselves and chatted with them until time to "turn in." In the morning we went out into the "chopping." On all sides we heard the steady whack of the axe, as the sturdy choppers sent it ringing into the frozen timber; the *whiss*—*whiss*—*whiss* of the cross-cut saw, as it worked its way through the fallen trees; the hallooing of the teamsters; and the loud cries—"Stand from under! Look wild, there!" with which the choppers gave warning that a tree was about to fall. For a moment after the cry there was a suspension of work, a scattering of men, and a hushed stillness broken only by the sound of the axe, as the last cords which bound the tree to life were severed. Then, with a snapping and cracking and creaking, the tree toppled and broke loose from the stump, falling into the soft snow with a muffled crash that echoed and re-echoed through the forest long after the giant pine was prone and still upon the ground; while the trees that had been brushed in the descent were shaking their heads to and fro, as though in anger at the rude disturbance.

The modern process of cutting logs does not materially differ from that in vogue with our forefathers, although both the axe and saw have been much improved. The lumberman's sled is a unique affair—composed of four runners and two bunks firmly bolted together, with a tongue attached. Although light, it is strongly built, and capable of containing enormous loads. The loading is a simple operation. The sled is placed by the side of a log, and the team swung around to the side of the sled. A chain is then wrapped around the log—in lumbering parlance, a "rolling-hitch,"—and at a word the team is started and

the log is on the sled. This operation is repeated until the driver cries enough, which may be when he has anywhere from three to twenty logs, according to their size. Then away they go to the landing, where the logs are piled upon the ice to await the spring freshets, when logs and ice start out together. Every log is marked in the woods, no two camps using the same characters; and some of the devices are quaint and ingenious, although far from elaborate, specimens of engraving, an axe being the implement used in the marking.

The most exciting and adventurous part of lumbering is "river-driving;" but there is less danger on our smooth Western rivers than on the rapid and rocky streams of the East. We have no "jams," requiring the risk of life or limb to break them; yet even here a person must be nearly amphibious to make a good river-driver, and must also possess some nerve and self-possession and a hardy constitution. The ease with which an expert can travel over the loose floating logs, and ride them singly, is quite astonishing. He seems perfectly at home, and moves about with so little apparent care that one is very apt to think it no hard matter to follow him. But do not be deceived—they will roll from under one's feet without the slightest warning—or, as we once heard it remarked by a gentleman who had just given the matter a trial at the expense of an immersion, "without the slightest provocation."

The most disagreeable part of river-driving is "sacking off." The water often falls when the stream is full of logs, and many of them are left aground. To get them into sufficient depth of water to float them constitutes the "sacking off." The work is done with cant-hooks and levers, the men working in the water. There are but few complaints, however, for every man knows what to expect; and so they work, in water and out of water, until the logs are driven to the boom.

This is a receptacle for all logs cut upon the river and its tributaries, and is usually operated by a chartered company. The business of this company is to select the logs belonging to different parties from the thousands and thousands that are left in their care, and put them in a shape for transportation, or "raft" them. The owners of logs have no further trouble with them after driving them within the limits of this company's jurisdiction—if we may except the rafting bills, which generally assume quite formidable proportions.

The logs are now towed to the different mills by steam tugs, which have superseded the horse boats in use only a few years ago. These tugs are small and of light draught, often being obliged to run where one would suppose that even a skiff would find trouble. The contrivance for anchoring anywhere in the stream, and at a moment's warning, is very simple, yet effectual. A timber, or "grouser" (a contraction, no doubt, of "ground, sir!"), of some firm wood, works perpendicularly through a frame at the bow of the boat, and through the hull of the boat itself, a water-tight box enclosing it. The lower end of this "grouser" is tipped with iron. The weight of the stick, dropping straight through the frame, is sufficient to drive it into the bed of the river firmly enough to hold the boat in position. It is raised by power from the engines. This "grouser" is used when towing, and especially when working against the current. The boat runs out the length of her tow-line, drops the "grouser," breaks connection between the engine and the wheels, and sets the reel upon which the tow-line is wound in motion, thus drawing the raft or rafts to her. This operation is repeated again and again, until the destination is reached. Slow as this process may appear from the description, it is quite the contrary; and a boat of this kind has more control over the load than one

acting by the resistance of the water alone.

We now reach the mills; and here we note a great change from the primitive saw-mills of our fathers. Even young men can remember the old water-mills, dotting every little stream which promised power for a third of the year; and perhaps they have not forgotten how the sawyer started the old sash-saw into the log just as he was going to dinner, hoping it might get through by the time he returned—which hope, however, was not always realized. The "muley-saw" was a decided improvement over the old gate or sash-saw, and gang-saws were yet another step toward relief; but not until we cast aside reciprocating motion, and substituted rotary motion, did we make a long and rapid stride toward the desired end. Then we began to "make" lumber; then we felt that, no matter how great the demand, we could meet it.

The mills are all constructed on the same general plan, only differing in size, capacity for work, and some minor points; so that a description of one will convey an idea of all.

First, we will note the manner of getting the logs from the water into the mill. Here the aim of doing away with reciprocating motion has been attained. The old four-wheeled truck, with its retrograde movement, has passed out of use; and an endless chain, always ready, has taken its place. It works over a rag-wheel in the mill, from which it derives its motion, and passes over a shear at the bottom of an inclined plane or "slip," extending from the mill to the water and even into it. This slip is planked, and the sides are raised to prevent logs from rolling off; and over its surface, worn smooth, the logs are drawn. They are fastened to the endless chain by means of small hand chains having a hook at one end and "dogs" at the other. The "dogs" having been driven into the

logs, and the hook passed into a link, the pulling of a rope or the moving of a lever sets the great chain in motion, and up it goes, like a monstrous serpent, dragging its load all dripping to the platform above.

Next in order is the "carriage," which is simply a car, seldom more than four feet wide and twenty to forty feet long. The wheels are small, and either grooved or flanged to keep them in place upon the track on which they run. Placed transversely on this carriage are two blocks — "head and tail blocks," in saw-mill vernacular — the upper sides of which are steel-faced, and graduated into inches, halves, and quarters. Sliding in grooves in these blocks are iron standards in the form of the letter L. On the lower side of the horizontal part of these standards are teeth, in which work pinions with corresponding teeth. These pinions are connected by a shaft running lengthwise of the carriage. This shaft is connected, by bevel gearing or perpetual screw, with a shorter shaft at right-angles to it; and on the end of this shorter shaft is a lever and crank. By this simple mechanism a single motion of the lever or crank "sets" both ends of the log at once, and so quickly, that there is no stoppage of the carriage, save that which all moving bodies make when retracing their path. Motion is imparted to this carriage by a toothed pinion on segments the entire length of the carriage; and, by an ingenious arrangement of friction-wheels, the same pinion drives the carriage forward or backward, or "feeds" and "gigs."

In connection with the carriage we will speak of the "canter," a contrivance for turning the logs. It is scarcely more than a hook and a chain. The chain, after passing over a pulley set in the framework of the mill above the carriage, wraps a drum driven by power. This drum is gov-

erned by tight and loose pulleys, or by friction wheels. To turn a log the hook is placed on the under side, the drum set in motion, winding up the chain, and the log is rolled in the twinkling of an eye.

The saws need but little description. They are large rotary buzz (or circular) saws, of the best material and finish. They are forty to seventy inches in diameter, seldom larger, and make 500 to 800 revolutions per minute. One saw is placed above the other, yet a trifle back of it, that it may reach what the lower saw leaves, without coming in contact with it; and it is usually smaller than the lower or principal saw. Sometimes these saws are arranged in gangs. Besides these large rotaries, every mill has a "slashing-saw" for cutting slabs; edging-saws, usually in gangs, for edging boards taken off before the log is squared; lath-saws; and often a "drag-saw" for "butting" logs.

There are many other things about the saw-mill worthy of note, but we will pass them by, for they are merely auxiliaries or modifications of what we have already noticed. Moreover, no description, however faithful, can convey a true idea of the speed and the power and the thousand and one appliances that go to make up a first-class modern saw-mill. Like many other things, they must be seen to be fully appreciated. A leisure hour cannot be more profitably spent than by a visit to one of these mammoth lumber manufactories. All is bustle and activity, but no confusion. Each man knows his place and keeps it. There is but little time for chatting; for steadily, unceasingly, the carriage, subject to the will of the man at the lever, rolls forward and backward on its iron track; the whirling rotaries drop through the soft pine logs; and the steaming lumber falls into its place at the rate of thirty, fifty, and even a hundred thousand feet per day.

G. S. KAIME.

A ROMANCE OF CHICAGO.

ON a sultry morning, some time previous to the great "land and town-lot speculation" of 1835, 6, 7, there was a great commotion at the "Grapnel House." That was not the principal hotel in Chicago, but it was, nevertheless, well patronized by travellers and emigrants who wished to economize in their expenditures. Of the landlord it was said that no guest had ever departed from the hotel without leaving an equivalent for his keeping.

The subject of the commotion was a young man, perhaps twenty-five years of age. He was attired in a rough riding suit that had evidently been through a long journey. It was bespattered with mud, and altogether the worse for wear.

"Now, sir," said the landlord, "are you going to pay your bill?"

"I have told you," replied the young man, "that I have no money; if you permit me to leave you without molestation, I will certainly pay you before many days."

Such a ridiculous request sounded strange enough to the ears of a Chicago landlord, even at that early day; and it was treated with a very profane and contemptuous response.

There was a knot of hangers-on about the tavern, who for sundry drinks and other favors would always take sides with the landlord when any dispute arose with a strange guest, and would aid him in any scheme, however unreasonable or unjustifiable.

"Take his hoss!" said one.

"Lynch him!" cried another.

"Gentlemen," said the young man, "I have offered to do the best that it is possible for me to do by you at present. My horse is my only means of travelling, and my horse you can-

not have!" and with that he bounded into the saddle, and dashed away.

"Follow him!" cried the landlord to four men who did the "knock-down-and-drag-out" branch of keeping the tavern.

Away they went after the horseman, along Madison street, down Dearborn, to Washington, then to State, and there they lost sight of him. At the corner of Lake and State streets they inquired of some persons standing on the sidewalk, "Has anybody seen a solitary horseman passing this way?"

"Passed here not five minutes since," was answered.

On the four men rushed, up Lake street, until near LaSalle; and there, on the sidewalk, stood the young man, apparently waiting for them to come up.

"Here he is!" shouted the foremost man. "Seize him!"

"Give him a taste of Judge Lynch!" shouted the others in chorus.

The young man quietly drew a pistol and cocked it.

"Halt! the first that advances one step is a dead man!"

They did not advance.

"Where's your hoss?" asked one of them in a considerably subdued voice.

"Do you see that board?" said the young man, pointing to a sign stuck in the middle of Lake street, upon which was painted in rude letters, "No Bottom Here!"

"We do."

"Well, if you jump in there pretty quick, you may find my horse;" and with that he drew a bead on the foremost pursuer.

"Wha-what are you going to do?" faltered the man, now thoroughly frightened.

"I'm going to send you after that

horse. I'll give you until I count four to say your prayers. *One—two—*"

Before "three" was pronounced, the four men were running for life and crying "murder." They stopped not until they were safely within the hotel. So great was their fright, that it was only by degrees that the landlord could learn what had happened. From them he got the general impression that the mysterious guest was no other than the Evil One himself, and that the entrance to his infernal regions was on Lake street. They assured the landlord that they had followed him to the corner of Lake and LaSalle streets, and had there seen horse and rider disappear in the earth amid the smoke and stench of burning sulphur.

As the affair had happened in the early gray of the morning, it had been witnessed by none, perhaps, except the four men who had followed the stranger.

The landlord swore at them so much for their cowardice that they half repented that they had not followed him to the regions below. He could not, however, appreciate their mortal terror. That cocked pistol was ever in their minds. They never turned a corner of the street after dark without expecting to see it pointed at them by the mysterious guest. They gradually came to think Chicago was a dangerous place to live in. They told their intimate friends that a man's life was not worth a straw in this wicked city. These friends wrote to *their* friends in the East that Chicago was a modern Gomorrah, already half sunk (in water) on account of its wickedness. As time wore on, the facts became distorted, and the four men began to tell the story in different ways. One said it was near the corner of Wells and Lake streets; another, that it happened on Dearborn street; another, that it was on Market street. Each one had a galloping horseman, and finally it was said that Chicago was cursed with

a gang of desperadoes who had some underground *rendezvous*, whence they could sally forth and prey upon innocent citizens. Thus it happened that Chicago began to have a bad name at a very early day in its history—all from the four bar-room loafers who had taken up the difficulty between the landlord and the mysterious stranger.

But what of this stranger? We left him standing at the corner of Lake and LaSalle streets. We will not follow him, nor inquire too closely into his mode of living for the next few weeks. This much, however, is known: About two months after the scene above described, the landlord sent one of the four men out into the prairie, nearly a mile from the Chicago river, to look for a stray horse. It might have been in the vicinity of Union Park. After some hours' absence, the man returned as pale as a ghost, saying he had been pursued by the mysterious guest. "He was," the man said, "mounted on the same horse that had disappeared in Lake street." This story was noised abroad, and it was corroborated by others, who had at different times seen a solitary horseman galloping over the prairie. As there were a great many to tell the story, the horseman was multiplied until the prairie was alive with galloping troopers armed to the teeth.

All this was a great excitement for a simple state of facts which in themselves were characterized by nothing remarkable. The young man whom we have introduced to the reader had followed the Star of Empire until his funds were out, and then the star seemed to settle down in Chicago.

After the adventure recorded above, he wandered about for days together, sometimes on foot, and sometimes mounted on his trusty steed, meditating what to do. Whichever way he might turn, he saw a boundless expanse of prairie, rich in its virgin soil, and on whose soft greensward he had

encamped many a long and lonesome night. It seemed to say to him, "Behold your capital!"

It was not long after this that a new real estate office was opened in the city, or, rather, the suburbs thereof. It was in a building somewhere in the neighborhood of what is now known as "Printing House Square." A new sign appeared, which read "Grande-ville & Co., Real Estate." It was in the brazen age of Chicago, when with brass and prairie a man could do anything. The "Co.," strictly speaking, was a mythical personage, and used, in all probability, for effect; for that impalpable partner has, time out of mind, been associated with great enterprises. "Co." is always supposed to be the "solid" portion in the business, and will not wince at being credited with ten millions of capital.

When any one asked Mr. Grandeville where his real estate was located, he would answer, "All over Chicago." There was one thing in his favor. He had an immense power in his knowledge of the "lay of the land." There was hardly a rise of ground within five miles of his office that he could not describe from personal knowledge. He had noted the eligible localities, and had marked out imaginary streets, and divided the land into building lots. When this was done, he thought these lots ought to be for sale. This is the way he brought them into market:

He procured some hundreds of feet of pine boards, and sawed them into pieces about 12×18 inches, and painted on them "For Sale, by Grandeville & Co.," with the direction to his office. One night he had them carried out on the prairie, and stuck them up on the imaginary lots which he had marked out. The next day most of that prairie was for sale. There were scattering farmers or squatters here and there, who had got stuck, as it were, and who had been unable to get rid of their farms at first cost. They thought these

"sign-boards" the harbingers of better times, and it was not a week before they were talking about selling their farms by the front foot. The changes was first noticed by sundry milkmen when they went in search of their stray cows. They said, "There is a new town starting up out on the prairie." People began to talk about "Grande-ville & Co." Gradually the location, and even the number of the office, became fixed in the public mind, and occasionally somebody would step in and inquire about real estate. To all these, Grandeville gave a glowing description of the property, and stamped indelibly upon the memory of the listener his idea of the Chicago of the future.

"Who is this Grandeville?" asked a staid solid old gentleman, who was one of the first settlers of Chicago, and who had grown rich because he could not get rid of his land. Who was this old gentleman? The answer would trespass upon facts; so we will stick to fiction and call him Goldberg—a name suggestive of boundless wealth. Mr. Goldberg was a man of undeveloped shrewdness, who had property in all parts of the city, and also in the suburban localities. If there was a tract of land any where in the vicinity of Chicago that was under a cloud as to its title, or that was covered with mortgages, it was safe to assert that Mr. Goldberg had an interest in it.

He had a daughter—May Goldberg—about eighteen years of age, of strong practical mind, and withal, possessing extraordinary beauty. She was an excellent horsewoman, and often astonished her companions by her skill and daring. What made her appearance more striking, was her luxuriant golden hair that she usually wore hanging in rich profusion about her shoulders. Once seen in one of her splendid feats of horsemanship, she would never be forgotten.

She had many admirers, but was hard to please. There was, however,

one young man—Adolphus Windham—whose attentions she permitted in deference to her father and mother, who hoped that the young people would be well enough satisfied with each other to form a partnership for life. He was all well enough for an acquaintance, but she could not think of him as a lover. "He is a coward," said May; "for he is always boasting of fighting Indians and prairie wolves!"

It was not long before Adolphus Windham's bravery had a practical test in a very unexpected manner. He and Miss May were returning from a long ride over the prairie. As they neared the city, they saw an Indian riding towards them. He was looking back, and urging his horse to his utmost speed.

"Look!" cried May. "He has a white child on his horse!"

It was not a moment before the Indian discovered her, and turned his course. Now began a race for life. On, on they sped, like the wind, May gaining slowly but surely on the Indian. He had tied the child securely to himself, and had seized his rifle. Nearer approached the intrepid May. When she was within perhaps twenty yards, her companion dashed past her.

"Save the child!" cried May, "Save the child!"

The Indian poised his rifle and fired.

The next instant the sharp report of a pistol followed, and the Indian tumbled from his horse, shot through the head.

The child was instantly released. Then the horseman turned to look for the woman who had dared to attempt the rescue of the child. The Indian's bullet had taken effect in her right arm, and her horse stumbling, she had fallen to the earth.

Picture, if it be possible, her amazement at discovering that the man who had rescued the child was *not* the companion who had started in the pursuit with her.

"Here is the child, brave lady, and yonder is the Indian. He will never steal any more children. But you are wounded."

"Nothing serious," said she, "only a flesh wound in my arm."

Then the stranger bound up the wound so carefully and skilfully that she declared she felt no inconvenience from it.

"Where is the young man?" asked Miss May.

"Gone to the city for help, I think. He rode very fast."

The stranger took the little child on his horse, and rode by the side of May until they saw a crowd of people coming from the city. The loss of the child had been discovered, and the alarm given."

"Madam," said the stranger, "I regret that I must ask your permission to part from you here. A favor I ask is, that you will not mention my connection with this affair."

"I should be glad to know to whom is due the rescue of this child."

"To yourself, brave lady, for I could not see the Indian from my position, and should not have discovered him but for you."

May promised to keep secret, "for the present," the stranger's participation in the affair. This promise exacted, he rode away.

We need not dwell on the joy unspeakable of the parents on the recovery of their child, or on the congratulations of the people.

"The child is safe," said May, "and that is all I can tell you."

The wound May had received, the intense excitement she had undergone, and the poltroonery of Windham, all combined to bring on a fever which prostrated her for many weeks upon a bed of sickness.

As soon as she was able, she mounted her horse for her prairie ride. When she returned she looked fresher and happier than she had for many a day. She had heard of the stranger.

She had been riding over her father's domains, and had discovered the "guide-boards," as she called the signs which had been placed upon the prospective building lots.

"Guide-boards!" said Mr. Goldberg, "there are no guide-boards upon my property."

"Come with me to-morrow and see for yourself," said May.

"Well, well," answered her father, "I have n't been out there for a year or more; and besides, I would like to see Farmer Miller, who, some six months ago, urged me to buy his farm which joins my property."

So, the next day they rode out to Mr. Goldberg's property; and there, true enough, were the "guide-boards," pointing in all possible directions, but always referring the passer-by to the office of "Grande-ville & Co."

"Bless my soul!" cried Mr. Goldberg. "I am astonished! confounded! Grandeville & Co., all over my property!—one would think they owned it! Why," continued the old gentleman, "I have n't sold a lot here in ten—no, not in—in fact I *never* sold a lot away out here! Well, well, let us go and see Farmer Miller."

They rode along to his place, and what a sight met Mr. Goldberg's gaze! Farmer Miller had built a new house that stood on a half acre lot. The balance of the farm, consisting of 49½ acres, was divided into city lots, on each of which there was a "guide-board" saying "For Sale. Apply to Grandeville & Co."

"I—I—thought," said Mr. Goldberg, "that I would call and see about buying your farm that you spoke to me about some six months ago. What is your price?"

"Fifty thousand dollars."

"What?"

"Fifty thousand dollars."

"You don't mean to say that this farm is worth fifty thousand dollars?"

"Every cent of it."

"Daughter," said Mr. Goldberg,

"I'm crazy, or Farmer Miller is crazy."

"I'm not crazy," says Farmer Miller. "Your property is almost as valuable as mine."

"Oh!" groaned Mr. Goldberg; for there was a glimmer of the mint of money he would have gained had he bought Mr. Miller's farm when he could have had it for a mere song.

Then Farmer Miller took him to a rise of ground from where he could see for a considerable distance over the prairie.

"Here we are," said Miller, "right in the midst of our improvements. Look to your left a little; you see a broad beautiful street, running north and south."

Mr. Goldberg strained his eyes, but persisted that he saw only prairie grass. Then they moved a couple of blocks to the right.

"Here," said Miller, sticking an imaginary stake, "is the boundary of our park, and yonder, in that little depression of ground, is our artificial lake. There is our hill; this gravelled walk leads directly to it."

Mr. Goldberg saw nothing of the kind.

"Wait a little," said Farmer Miller, "until I show you something better than parks and fish-ponds and gravelled walks."

Mr. Goldberg mechanically followed on, perhaps a couple of imaginary blocks.

"Do you see that?" said Miller, as he pointed upward with his finger at an angle of thirty degrees.

Mr. Goldberg saw nothing.

"Why, bless your soul," said Miller, with a sparkle in his eye, "that's our four-story school-house!"

"Come, daughter," said Mr. Goldberg, "let us go home;" and he touched his forehead meaningly, as he glanced at Farmer Miller.

"Drat it!" said Miller, as he entered his house, "I might just as well as not have made a fortune at a strike,

if I had only bought a slice from old Goldberg's property!"

On their way to the city, Mr. Goldberg muttered continually, "Grandeville & Co., Grandeville & Co.; the villains! the scoundrels! I'll teach them to advertise my property! I'll give them a lesson in prison practice!"

May was almost silent during the whole ride; she had visited alone the spot where the child had been rescued—henceforth a sacred spot to her, and, despite the dreadful associations, sweetened with tender memories.

On the next morning, Mr. Goldberg put on his spectacles and walked over to the office of Grandeville & Co.

"Can I do anything for you, Sir?" asked Grandeville, respectfully.

"I see," said Mr. Goldberg, "that you are operating in real estate."

"Somewhat."

"Where is your property situated?"

"In various parts of the city. I have some very fine property out in the neighborhood of Mr. Miller's."

"I have seen that property; what is your price for it?"

"Five hundred dollars per lot."

The old gentleman turned pale with suppressed rage at the unblushing boldness of the young man who thus dared to offer him his own property at so extravagant a price.

But a sly touch of humor that he possessed occasionally prompted him to a practical joke.

"Well, young man, I know of some parties who will look in upon you with a view of purchasing. I'm very busy this morning;" and, before Grandeville had time to say a word, Goldberg was gone without even leaving his name.

He went away, cogitating on the amazing effrontery of that young man. But never was such an opportunity for a stupendous joke—a crusher. "How would the villain like the penitentiary for ten years?" and Mr. Goldberg set his teeth as he would do

if the judge were pronouncing the sentence.

Then he called on his friend the Sheriff, and his particular friend the Judge, and his political associate the District Attorney. To each and all of these he portrayed the diabolical villainy of Grandeville & Co., in advertising his vacant prairie for sale, and the further diabolical villainy of inciting Farmer Miller to ask fifty thousand dollars for his farm, and thereby turning his head.

Then he called upon three of his old friends who, with himself, had money enough to run a bank, build a ship or a railroad, if necessary. To these he related the story of his wrongs.

"It is infamous!" they all cried, bringing down their gold-headed canes with one accord.

"Hold!" cries one of them, Colonel Flambeau. "I have it! It's your property, Mr. Goldberg, that this bold young man offers for sale?"

"It is."

"Then we will go to-morrow at ten o'clock to his office. We buy some of your property of him; we pay him cash; ask him for deed or contract—money tempting to him—takes it—signs name of owner without authority—fraud—what then? Penitentiary—end of Grandeville & Co.!" and the rich man chuckled with infinite glee.

"Just the thing!" said Mr. Goldberg; and they adjourned to drink to the success of the plot.

When night came, Mr. Goldberg retired to his bed; but it was not until midnight that he could compose himself to slumber—or, rather, to dreams; for soon he was awakened, or thought he was awakened, by an unearthly scream, the like of which he had never heard. He looked out of his window, and the city appeared as light as day, from thousands of lamps that lined the streets and stretched away to where the earth and the sky seem to meet. He could

see the Chicago river. At short distances from each other, bridges were turning majestically to allow vessels to pass through. On Washington and LaSalle streets, and at other points, great crowds of people seemed to drop into the earth and come out on the other side of the river. The inky waters passed gradually away, and the clear waters of Lake Michigan flowed southward, bearing ships of the ocean from the Old World, that sailed away through the prairies to the Mississippi. On the principal streets, marble palaces sprang up as if by the wand of some Aladdin. Steam whistles continually announced the coming of boats from the lake, or the arrival of trains that thundered upon the railroads that centred in Chicago from all points of the compass. He naturally turned his eyes towards his own property. The "guide-boards" had all disappeared, and the lots were covered with palatial residences. There was a church-spire pointing heavenward, and *there*, right where Farmer Miller had pointed it out to him, was the four-story school-house! He wished he were there, and instantly he seemed to be on board a railway train. Faster—faster—never was such time made on a railroad before. "If the car should run off the track!" thought Mr. Goldberg.

Crash! Down he went with somebody over him. He heard his own name called, "Peter Goldberg! Peter Goldberg! wake up!"

"Wassemarrer?" asked Peter. "Boiler burst?"

"Boiler burst? you fool, wake up! wake up! The bed's down!"

And sure enough, the pleasant dreams of Mr. Goldberg had been interrupted by that calamity, and his wife had been trying for fifteen minutes to awaken him.

Mr. Goldberg arose betimes in the morning, with his ardor for the stupendous joke somewhat dampened. The visions of the night had so im-

pressed him that he involuntarily walked to the Chicago river to imagine for a moment how it would look to see the clear water of the lake flowing through it. Then he strained his eyes out on the prairie to imagine that he could see the church-spire and the four-story school-house. His senses were sharpened; the blood coursed quicker through his veins, and he was thrilled with an ambition that he had never felt before. He tripped along with the elasticity of a business man of 1871. The spirit of Chicago enterprise was born in him. He looked twenty years younger than he did the day previous.

"What if all this should come true?" was the question that puzzled Mr. Goldberg. The more he thought of it, the less he was inclined to carry out that stupendous penitentiary joke against young Grandeville.

"I'm blamed," said he, "if he is n't a brilliant young man—a man after my own heart!"

But Mr. Goldberg was too late in his good intentions, for his "particular friends," with their gold-headed canes, had already entered the office of Grandeville & Co., when he arrived. He did not enter, but looked in and saw them in earnest conversation with Grandeville. Dodging into an alley, he gained the rear of the building and secured a place where he could see and hear unobserved.

There was an old table in the middle of the room, on which was spread a rude map. Grandeville was pointing out certain lots to these men. They were looking at them with a mock earnestness, and a close observer might have noticed a sly exchange of winks, as the young man went on expatiating on the excellence of the property and the future growth of Chicago. "These lots," said he, pointing to a portion of Mr. Goldberg's property, "are cheap at five hundred dollars each."

"What are the terms of payment?" asked one of the mock purchasers.

"Half cash; the balance in one, two, and three years."

"I will take those four lots," said Colonel Flambeau, pointing to four of Mr. Goldberg's lots.

"I will take four," said Mr. Striker.

"And I," said Deacon Plummer, "will take two."

And the three gentlemen requested that the papers be made out immediately. "Because," said Colonel Flambeau, in a tone of irony, "the property is so very valuable, that we may not again have the opportunity given to purchase at these figures."

Grandeville drew out some blanks and proceeded to fill them out.

The three purchasers then began to count out the "half cash" payment.

"One hundred, two hundred, three hundred, until two thousand five hundred dollars were piled up on the old table. There were new bank notes, evidently just drawn from the bank for this occasion; there were piles of silver half dollars, and gold coins, all making a tempting display of money.

"The contracts are ready, gentlemen," said Grandeville; "and I will sign as agent for the owner."

"Oho!" said Colonel Flambeau; "then you don't own this land?"

"I do not."

"We want the owner's name," said Colonel Flambeau. "Sign the owner's name by yourself as his agent."

"I cannot do that, gentlemen."

"May be," said Deacon Plummer, "he do n't know who is the owner of the property."

Grandeville rose from his seat and advanced towards Deacon Plummer, who immediately dodged for the door.

"Hold that man," cried Grandeville. "I only want to show him the contract, that he may see that I do know who owns this property."

At this point, Mr. Goldberg, who had seen the whole performance, enters.

"How do you do, gentlemen? Buying land?"

"We are trying to buy of this Mr. Grandeville, who, it appears, has no right to sell. We want the owner's name on the contracts."

"Right, gentlemen; quite right. Let me see the contracts; I talk of buying some land myself," and Mr. Goldberg ran his eye over them.

"We only insist upon our rights. We want the owner's name to our contracts," said Colonel Flambeau.

"Right again, gentlemen; and in the absence of power in the young man to sign that name, the owner will sign them himself;" and with that he affixed his name to the contracts, and, gathering up the money, he deposited it in his pocket.

The three men had been so intent upon badgering young Grandeville, and upon the success of their scheme, that they did not for a moment appreciate Mr. Goldberg's performance. When they did comprehend it, they jumped up and asked with one voice:

"Mr. Goldberg, what does this mean?"

"It means, gentlemen, that you have purchased this property."

"This is infamous!" they cried.

"Not so infamous as the penitentiary," suggested Mr. Goldberg.

"Before my Maker——" began Deacon Plummer.

"Come, come, gentlemen," said Mr. Goldberg, "I have too much respect for you to suppose that you intended anything serious against this enterprising young man. If, on calm consideration, you desire it, I will release you from these contracts; but for the present, let us drop the subject, and adjourn to my house for dinner. Mr. Grandeville, I hope you will be one of our number. I want an opportunity to make amends for the wrong I have unintentionally done you. No apologies," continued Mr. Goldberg, as Grandeville attempted to speak. "We'll clear this all up in due time."

To Mr. Goldberg's house they all went. With the exception of Grande-

ville, they were old acquaintances, and needed no introduction. But it was necessary to present our real estate merchant. Mrs. Goldberg received him with cordial informality. When he was presented to May Goldberg, there was an instant recognition, a clasping of hands, and both stood, unable for the moment to utter a word.

At length, after what seemed to be an age of silence, Grandeville faltered:

"I am most happy, Miss Goldberg, to be honored with this meeting."

Pale, trembling, May bowed her head and said:

"Father and mother, this is the man who rescued the child!"

"Not alone, but with your brave daughter!" added Grandeville.

We need not dwell on the congratulations that the young people received. They had long been one in heart, even as they were one in the performance of the glorious deed that henceforward linked them together in a common fame.

JOHN B. HOLMES.

WHAT DOES CIVIL SERVICE REFORM MEAN?

DURING the presidency of George Washington, the decision was made which gave to the President the power of arbitrary removal of incumbents of administrative offices. In criticising that decision, one of the most far-seeing of American statesmen says:

"Another of its effects has been to engender the most corrupting, loathsome and dangerous disease that can infect a popular government,—I mean that known by the name of 'the spoils.' It is a disease easily contracted under all forms of government, hard to prevent, and most difficult to cure when once contracted; but of all the forms of government it is by far the most fatal in those of a popular character. The decision which left the President free to exercise this mighty power according to his will and pleasure, scattered broadcast the seeds of this dangerous disease throughout the whole system. It might be long before they would germinate; but that they would spring up in time, and, if not eradicated, that they would spread over the whole body politic a corrupting and loathsome distemper, was just as certain as anything in the future."^{*}

It will be generally admitted that the loathsome character and pernicious effects of the "spoils disease" are not overstated. That it is a disease hard to prevent and difficult to cure when once contracted is also a very preva-

lent opinion among the inhabitants of this country, whose government has contracted the disease in its worst form, and whose political empirics are once more searching their pharmacopœia for some nostrum that will afford a little relief to the sufferer.

It is noteworthy that all of these professors of the political healing art who may be designated as "regulars" in that profession, proceed no further than did Mr. Calhoun in their search for the origin and cause of the disease. Setting out upon the assumption that it is an effect of an unrestricted executive appointing power, they jump naturally to the conclusion that the proper remedy must be some sort of an astringent, administered in suitable doses to the President and his loose advisers. They differ a good deal as to the proper ingredients of the medicine, and also as to the best way of administering it. But they all agree upon one point; which is that, however compounded or applied, it must needs be a strong dose of statutory legislation of the deterrent kind. They propose not to eradicate but to prevent.

Now if prevention be the correct method of treatment, it should appear

^{*} Essay on the Constitution and Government of the United States; by John C. Calhoun.

that the best remedy is already provided in that constitutional right of the people to effect their purposes by means of the ballot. A reasonable presumption is that they will seek to serve their own good. It is not altogether reasonable to suppose that the popular majority will wish to return a citizen to the presidential office who has prostituted the functions of that office to the objects of his personal aggrandizement or political ambition; who has brought the honors and emoluments of government to bear upon the elections; who has dismissed capable and honest public servants, and put in their stead rogues and knaves that have stolen the people's money and used it to subsidize other knaves, to corrupt voters, and to debauch public morals. Such a supposition would imply that the majority of American citizens are satisfied with the "spoils disease," and desire its continuance; an implication which popular indications at the present time do not seem to support. Probably the majority of citizens would say that such abuses of public trust are infamous, and that in order to stop them, the person who has been guilty of them should not be any longer trusted.

But here Mr. Calhoun would say: "Citizens, you are mistaken. These corrupt and loathsome abuses are not the faults of the man; they are effects engendered by giving to the officer the power to remove and appoint his own subordinates. Whomsoever you elect will seek to control your votes and gain a re-election in the same way. You can only stop the abuses by taking away the appointing power."

To which the majority of citizens would reply: "We cannot create a public function that will not be liable to abuse. If to stop public abuses we must take away the power to commit them, then we must take away all official functions of every kind; we must do away with the offices themselves; we must abolish government. We

prefer to have government, and in order to have government we must choose instrumentalities to carry its functions into execution. And, as we cannot choose angels, we must choose human beings, who will perhaps abuse our trust. In that case, however, we shall not again choose them, and at length it will come to be understood that those persons most likely to be placed or retained in offices of public trust will not be those who seek to gain such offices by corrupt and dishonorable means, or who prostitute the public service to selfish and disreputable objects; but those who are most upright, most honorable, and most faithful in the discharge of public duties. Thus, instead of taking away the power to commit abuses, which we find cannot be done, we shall destroy, as far as we can, the temptation and inducement to such practices, and fix in their stead inducements of the opposite tendency."

Now unless the majority of the political body be depraved and corrupt, or ignorant, or imbecile and incapable of acting for their own good; unless popular free government be, what the advocates of monarchical systems say it is, a hopeless experiment and fore-ordained failure, is it not clear that the majority of citizens will find their interests, and the safety and well-being of the State, to lie in the course of action here indicated? If it be for the interests of the majority to adopt this course, and if it be the most natural desire of men to pursue their own interests, why will the majority not adopt it? What will restrain them from pursuing their own interests and desires? Will the President estop the free exercise of this popular right? Then he is not the executive agent of a free people, but an absolute despot, ruling a nation of slaves. If the people are free to elect, the President will not and cannot estop them from electing their own good. Will the subordinate office-holders whom the President may appoint prevent them? Then they are

slaves to the servants of a despot. If they are free men, the servants of government will not and cannot prevent them from deciding freely in their own right. Is it the free exercise by the President of the power to choose his subordinates that will prevent them? Then the freedom of a most proper function of the executive officer is the enslavement of the people and the conversion of popular government into despotism. If none nor all of these things can change public desire, or prevent the people from seeking their own good, then it is clear that Mr. Calhoun is quite wrong in supposing that the "spoils disease" is an effect engendered by the decision which gave to the President the free exercise of the appointing power. It is clear that the origin of the disease must be found in some other cause than that decision, or the exercise of that power; and likewise that the continued prevalence of the disease must be occasioned by something which takes away the ability of the popular majority to decide for their own good; which prevents the desire of the majority from prevailing. What, then, is the true origin of the disease, and what is the nature of the political disability which results in its continuance, with ever increasing virulence?

Upon a general survey of the symptoms of the "spoils disease," the remarkable fact appears that it is everywhere and always attended by strong symptoms of what is called party organization. These symptoms appear to be greater or less in the ratio of the virulence of the distemper. Where the distemper rages most violently, party organization is most powerful — for instance, in the city government of New York. Where the virulence of the distemper is least, party organization is weakest — for instance, in the government of public schools in rural neighborhoods. In the latter cases the "spoils disease" rarely ever appears, and party organization is seldom perceptible. Indeed, so general and so

uniform is the apparent correspondence between these symptoms of the "spoils disease" and party organization that one is impelled, at the very threshold of the inquiry to suspect that the relationship is not a merely accidental one.

Whence arises this obvious relationship between party organization and the disease called "the spoils?" It certainly did not spring from the decision which gave to the President the free exercise of the power of appointment and removal. Party organizations are not the authorized instrumentalities to carry into effect the functions of either the executive or the legislative powers of government. Party leaders are not in any legal or constitutional sense public officers. The decision giving the President power to appoint and remove federal officers at his will did not include the appointment and removal of party leaders at his will; nor, on the other hand, did that decision give to party leaders or party organizations or party decrees the slightest authority or the smallest semblance of validity as regards any official or unofficial act of the President or any other officer or citizen of the United States. The relation which party organization is now found uniformly bearing to the exercise of the appointing power is an extra-legal one in every possible sense.

Nevertheless, the fact appears to be that all appointive officers are appointed according to certain clearly-defined party relations; and also that all elective officers are elected according to the same rule. Though wholly unauthorized, party control has in some way superseded freedom of action, not only as regards the President's exercise of the appointing power, but as regards the popular exercise of the electoral power. It has supplemented the framework of popular government by the perfunctory system of an extra legal organization, constituting in its manifestations an all-pervading oligarchy. While ap-

parently the functions of administration are performed by constitutional agents freely chosen according to legalized forms, the fact seems to be that the agents themselves are mere instruments of power in the hands of the chiefs of the oligarchy. They are elected by the votes of the greatest number; yet they do not carry out the purposes and desires of the greatest number, but rather obey the behests of the least number.

To this, however, there are exceptions. That in relation to some public purposes the action of popular representative bodies is generally conformable to the wishes of the popular majority, is undeniable. A little reflection will show why it is so. The members were elected upon a division of the body politic into two antagonistic parts with respect to some party tenet, assumed by the party leaders to be of paramount public concern. In this single issue all other issues were merged; not as a result of popular desire, but as the effect of an inflexible necessity. Seemingly, the law invests every citizen with the right of representation; but in order to actually enjoy that right, he must vote with the prevailing party. He must sink his individual preferences as to men, and surrender his own judgment as to the measures and policies he thinks should prevail, to the decisions of party leaders, in whose honesty he perhaps has no confidence, in whose wisdom no faith. He must "go with the party," though the party tenet upon which the issue is made up relates to a question which he regards as of little or no importance, compared to the purpose which he desires should be carried into effect, and with respect to which he and others who hold similar opinions wish to be represented. Perhaps his judgment tells him that Civil Service Reform is the purpose more important than any other to the country. He wishes a representative to present his views and advocate his wishes with respect

to that purpose. He turns to the law and finds that none can send representatives but those who constitute the most numerous popular aggregate. He thoroughly despises parties, "party spirit," and party organization; but here at the outset he finds that in order to acquire the right of representation he must join a party, and not only that, but the particular party which can give the greatest number of votes. The law is rigid; inflexible. It brings him face to face with an inexorable necessity; it says to him: "Join the most numerous party; obey its leaders, and vote for the candidates they present, or you are politically disabled from participation in government, and have no right to be represented." And this is what the law says not only to him, but to all who agree with him, though their numbers may comprise nearly one-half the constituency. It is an unjust, a despotic, a tyrannical, and an infamous law; but there is no escape from it. The alternative is submission to party control or political disfranchisement.

And so the voter, who until now imagined himself to be a free citizen of a free State, goes to the party which appears to be most numerous, and finds that its leaders have selected candidates for representatives who are pledged to represent "the party" with respect to the party tenet; but who have "nothing to say" upon a subject concerning which the party oracle, King Caucus, has not spoken. True, the party "platform" may contain some "glittering generality" concerning Civil Service Reform; but what it means, King Caucus has been careful not to determine. It is only certain that the party leaders will not understand it to mean anything which would weaken their power of party control. And the citizen goes to the opposite party only to discover the same state of facts. The purpose which he and his compeers seek to carry out "is not in issue." The only choice he can pos-

sibly make is a choice of evils, and to escape disfranchisement he must choose the evil which has the most supporters.*

Of course, representatives chosen under such a system of party control will represent the majority, if the party include the majority, with respect to the party tenet. That is to say, they will represent the leaders who control the party, declare its tenets, and select its candidates. And as the leaders do not even assume to reflect the opinions of all the members of the party with respect to other public purposes, and as it is certain that with respect to many important subjects of public concern they reflect the opinions of only a small part, so is it certain that the party-elected and party-controlled representatives will at best represent the popular majority only upon the party tenet, while in all other respects they will be the representatives of party interest; the instrumentalities by which the oligarchy will rule the government and overrule the people.

Now is it not a proposition of self-evident truth that any system of government is falsely called a government of the people, which in the choosing of the very instrumentalities by which its functions are performed overrules and defeats the wishes of the popular majority? This constantly happens when the instrumentalities are all chosen by a process which merges all public propositions in the one proposition of the party happening to have the most votes; which, in other words, virtually pre-

vents the existence of more than two parties, by vesting the right of representation exclusively in the one party which, by giving the greatest number of votes, can succeed in disfranchising all the citizens included in all other parties. In further illustration of the fact, let us consider how congressmen are chosen in the State of Illinois. The electors of the State have the right to choose fourteen members. Apparently—as it would seem from the partisan newspaper “organs”—the electors have voluntarily arranged themselves in two classes; one class calling themselves “Republicans,” the other class calling themselves “Democrats”—names which mean something or nothing, as the case may be. This, however, is only an apparent division. In reality there are not less than fourteen different parties, or aggregates of public sentiment, among the electors of Illinois. Every one of them lays down some distinctive proposition of public policy; advances some tenet which its advocates suppose to be paramount to all others in the beneficial results it would give to the State or to society. An enumeration of these various parties will indicate the several tenets which constitute their “platforms.”

1. The Protectionist party. 2. The Free Trade party. 3. The Revenue Reform party. 4. The Non-Specie Paying Currency party. 5. The State Rights party. 6. The Central Government party. 7. The Civil Service Reform party. 8. The Political Disabilities party. 9. The No-Sunday party. 10. The Pro-Sunday party. 11. The Temperance or Prohibition party. 12. The Free Liquor Trade party. 13. The Labor Reform party. 14. The Woman Suffrage party.

Undoubtedly many of the citizens included by each of these several party designations would accept the distinctive party tenet put forth by some of the others. Some of those included in No. 3 might agree with

* In a recent speech at St. Louis, Senator Morton, of Indiana, is reported as saying:

“There are but two parties in this country. *

* * It is therefore simply a choice between the ‘Republican’ and the ‘Democratic’ parties. Every road that leads out of the ‘Republican’ party leads into the ‘Democratic’ party. Everything that tends to weaken the ‘Republican’ party tends to strengthen the ‘Democratic’ party. It makes no difference whether it is intended that way or not; that is the absolute and inevitable result of it. Whatever weakens the ‘Democratic’ party strengthens the ‘Republican’ party.”

No. 1; others of No. 3 might utterly detest the doctrines of No. 1 and accept those of No. 2. In the main, those of No. 2 and of No. 5 would agree; also those of No. 6 and of No. 1. A more careful analysis will show many other points of convergence and divergence. But let any one attempt to harmonize all these dissimilar party tenets under the two general party names of "Republican" and "Democrat," and he will readily discover that he has undertaken an impossibility. He will find citizens willing to enter a "Republican" organization to carry out the doctrines of protection, but who abhor the very name of free-trade; others who will accept such an alliance upon the condition that free-trade shall be the party doctrine, and that protection shall be utterly repudiated. He will find free-traders willing to take the name of "Democrat" provided the doctrines of the no-Sunday men, the free-liquor men, and the women-suffrage "fanatics," shall be tabooed; and no-Sunday men, free-liquor men, and so on, willing to do the same upon condition that all free-traders shall be "read out." He will find, try howsoever much he may, that it is as impossible to reduce these diverse popular elements into two harmonious concrete political bodies, as it would be to correctly represent the features of a multitude of persons by two different portraits. One of the portraits might present some one feature—as a nose exceeding a certain length—general to one portion of the multitude. The other might present a nose of a lesser length, general to the other portion. But with respect to any other feature, neither portrait would represent more than an inconsiderable minority.

The simple fact is, the separation of the constituency into two parties is not a voluntary arrangement, but is a forced and most unnatural arrangement, which results from the necessity for such an arrangement to ac-

quire the right of representation. And when by this forcible bringing together of repugnant elements and warring incongruities, the right of representation is acquired by the one aggregate which happens to be most numerous, to the entire exclusion of all other aggregates, the fundamental object of representation is supplanted by the representation of only a part of the constituency upon the one party tenet in which all other opinions and interests and desires were merged. In the stead of that object—which, in the words of Mr. Mill, is the representation of "all the sincere opinions and public purposes which are shared by a reasonable number of electors"—there appears that foe to popular liberty, that enemy of free institutions, that destroyer of representative government, that partisan despot well named King Caucus, taking advantage of the political disabilities of minorities, to use the mighty power of the federal patronage and the enormous money-influence of all the vast revenues of "the people's government," to maintain party organization, to perpetuate a dynasty of fraud, corruption, and abuse, to fasten upon the people and the nation the domination of an extra-legal oligarchy—a minority government of party leaders; a "corrupting, loathsome and dangerous *spoils disease*," which grows in virulence by the public virtue it destroys and feeds on. Here is the origin of the disease. Its relation to party government is that of effect to cause.

If the right of representation were free to every aggregate of citizens whose numbers are sufficient to constitute a quota of representation—in other words, if the political disabilities of minorities were removed—it is clear that instead of two parties in a congressional election in Illinois, there might be fourteen, and every party elect its representative. That the natural tendency would be in that direction is evident from the fact that

all men naturally desire to be represented upon those subjects which they deem the most important or in relation to which they feel the greatest interest. Instead of surrendering their opinions to the leaders of a party whose candidates and "platform" they can accept only as a choice of evils, and instead of merging their convictions and their individuality in an organization controlled by persons in whose honesty they have little faith, they would choose for themselves the men who, in their judgment, would best represent their own opinions and desires. Ordinarily, therefore, under a system of free representation, there would be in every election of representatives as many different parties "in the field" as there should be public purposes demanding representation. The only artificial limit to the number of parties would be the whole number of representatives the constituency would have the right to choose. And every party which should give to one or more candidates a number of votes equal to the minimum of the representative quota, would send its own representative, bound to its own interests, owing fealty to no other party organization.

Is it not manifest upon the face of it that the result would be to break down and destroy that malign system of party control over popular elections which is the inducement to and the grand cause of all the abuses in the civil administration of government of which the country complains?

But the conclusion that such would be the result is not dependent on *prima facie* evidence. Wherever the political disabilities of minorities have been removed, and representation made free, such has been the tendency, and, at least approximately, such the result. A writer in the current number of the "North American Review," who criticises the method of free election called "cumulative voting" from the King Caucus point of view, tells us that it should be condemned for

the single reason that it possesses this most salutary tendency to destroy the power of party dictation over the choice of the people! He finds from analyzing the elections of the English school boards, in which cumulative voting prevails, that "the tendency was to *plumping*;" that is, to the giving by each elector of all his votes to a single candidate. The statement is certainly corroborated by the facts. Such was the tendency in all the London elections, and also in the county boroughs, where party discipline was much more rigid than in the metropolis. And the only visible reason of such tendency was that every aggregate of electors holding a similarity of views, finding themselves at liberty to choose a representative of those views, preferred exercising that liberty for themselves to allowing persons of different views to select for them. It is the special function of party managers to limit the choice of electors to the decision of the caucus. The advocates of cumulative voting have ever claimed that it would destroy, in an important degree, the malign power of the caucus despotism. Its opponents find its worst fault to be that it does destroy that power.

This effect of the cumulative vote "increases in proportion as the constituency is widened;" meaning in proportion as the number of representatives to be chosen by the constituency is increased. This is also a serious objection, from the caucus standpoint. Unhappily for the caucus dynasty, this also is a fact practically demonstrated in the elections of the English school boards. "Plumping" was most resorted to; the disturbance of organized party effort to foreordain results was greatest in those districts choosing the greatest number of inspectors. And as the tendency to party disintegration will increase in proportion as the constituency is widened, so also will this tendency be perceptibly greater in the majority than in the minority party. To answer

the requirement of justice and proportional representation, it is argued that the fact should be the other way. Because, it is said, if the tendency to party disintegration be greater among the majority than among the minority, the result may and frequently will be that the minority party will elect more representatives than the majority party. This implies that there can only be two parties, and that neither can be subdivided into lesser parties upon other tenets than the one which the managers have decreed shall be the distinctive party tenet. The forced unnaturalness of such an assumption has been pointed out. It has been shown that party organization is the result of a perfunctory system which compels men to merge their personal opinions and desires in the opinions and desires of others in order to acquire the right of representation. Remove the necessity which restricts the right of representation to a single aggregate of citizens, and the cohesive power of that single party aggregate vanishes. And as that cohesive power is most perceptible in the majority party, so when the necessity is removed the tendency to repudiate party dictation is most perceptible in the same party. Moreover, as the more numerous party contains the greater number of electors who can separate from the general organization and choose a representative for themselves, the work of party disintegration is most apt to begin in that party. The fact simply is that it ceases to be a majority party and becomes several minority parties, each of which chooses its representative apart from the others. The proportion of representatives chosen by all parties is undisturbed. The proportion will be as the ratio of their respective numbers to the whole number, unless the multiplication of parties shall proceed to an extent where the numbers of some of them will be less than the least number required for a representative quota; a waste of votes which the natural desire

of men to serve their own interests will warn them to avoid.

The leading fact which appears upon an analysis of the English school board elections, around which all other facts arrange themselves, is that no party can elect any *more* representatives than the ratio of the number of its coöperating voters to the whole number give it the right to elect. This fact was exhibited in a remarkable manner in the election at Birmingham, the result of which is cited by the reviewer as a positive proof that the majority party may not always elect the majority of representatives. In Birmingham the number of seats to be filled by the constituency was fifteen. The Birmingham League comprised about two-thirds of the whole number of voters, who therefore should have elected nine or ten of the inspectors. But these "liberals," as they style themselves, manifested a disposition that seems hardly compatible with the commonly accepted meaning of that term. They proposed not only to elect the number of inspectors to which their numerical preponderance fairly entitled them, but to elect the whole fifteen. In the words of the London "Standard," "they started fifteen candidates with the charitable intention of absolutely disfranchising the Churchmen, the Dissenters and the Roman Catholics of Birmingham. They were perfect idiots to act upon such a preposterous calculation; but the impudence is thoroughly characteristic of the League and its chiefs;" a characteristic, it may be added, not uncommon to the chiefs of powerful party organizations. "The punishment was signal and complete. Only six of the League candidates were successful."

The objection to popular freedom in choosing representatives which is predicated upon the failure of the charitable enterprise of the Birmingham League may not be considered by average Americans as an insuperable one.

From the standpoint of the party chiefs, a further objection to cumulative voting is that in a constituency choosing three representatives, "the majority having *nearly* three-fourths of all the voters are entitled to all three of the members; but there is no possible way in which they can obtain them against the concentrated minority." Assuredly there is not. And for the very excellent reason that their numbers in the case supposed do not entitle them to elect more than two of the members, because if $\frac{3}{4} + 1$ be taken from the whole number, the remainder cannot be divided in three parts unless at least one of them be a smaller part than $\frac{1}{4} + 1$ of the whole. In a three-member constituency, $\frac{3}{4} + 1$ is the minimum representative quota, and by cumulating their votes upon a single candidate that number of electors can give him a greater number of votes than $\frac{1}{4} - 1$ of the whole can possibly give to each of three candidates, and therefore can elect him in spite of all the majority can do. The peculiarity of this objection is its exhibition of the wondrous charitableness of party chiefs, who, like the "perfect idiots" of the Birmingham League, assume that the control of *nearly* enough votes to disfranchise their opponents gives them the right to disfranchise them any way!

But it is urged in extenuation that "party control of the elections is inevitable in a government constituted like ours." In a degree this is true; not only in a government like ours, but in any form of representative government that is possible. It is true in the degree that the political disability of citizens shall make it necessary for them to act in parties in order to acquire the right of representation. In its lowest degree, such necessity is an unavoidable incident of representative government. If every citizen were at liberty to choose a representative for himself, without respect to the choice of any other citizen, the result might be that the

number of the representative body would equal the number of the constituent body. To avoid such a result the representative body must be limited to some specified ratio of the constituent body. Such limitation of the number of representatives imposes a corresponding limitation upon the liberty of the electors by creating the necessity that a certain number of them shall agree to choose for their representative the same person. Here is the origin of the necessity for party organization—or, at least, for concurrent action, which amounts to the same thing,—in order to acquire the right of representation. If the least number of citizens that would constitute a quota cannot agree upon the same person, they will either fail to acquire the right to be represented, or, in order to acquire that right, be compelled to accept the choice of some other popular aggregate, with whose purposes they may not fully sympathize. Being politically disabled by inadequacy of numbers, they must submit to another party control.

It is clearly manifest that the method of choosing representatives which creates only the minimum of necessity for party action, will admit of only the minimum power of party control. And the corollary of this is that the method of election which creates the maximum of necessity will admit of and be attended by the maximum power of party control. That this is so is proven by all the facts in our knowledge concerning the representative system of government.

Party control of the elections will, then, be the least under the system of election which subjects the least number of citizens to the alternative necessity of submission to party rule or disfranchisement; and it will be greatest under the electoral system which subjects the greatest number to the same alternative. Is it not an amazing fact that the system which most widely prevails, instead of being that which

would disfranchise the least number, is that which disfranchises the greatest number by providing that the greatest number who shall submit to party control shall elect all the representatives, and that no smaller aggregate of citizens shall elect any? And is there, in view of this fact, anything the least marvellous in the correlative fact that all the official machinery of government, all the power of official patronage, all the inducements of promised rewards, all the intimidations of threatened punishment, all the enginery of official corruption, fraud, deceit, cunning, falsehood, subornation of dishonesty, misapplication of public funds, connivance with injustice, misprision of crime, and the thousand ulcers of the political body that occasion the demand for Civil Service Reform, should prevail?

Totality representation proposes not to dispense with party organizations, but simply to reduce the necessity for such organizations to the least possible degree, and thus to counteract the dictatorial tendency of such organizations, by giving the greatest possible freedom of escape from party control. It proposes to reduce political disability to the lowest number, thereby circumscribing the power of party control within the smallest popular area. It proposes to set free the greatest possible number of citizens from the discipline of the "party lash," by enabling them, if so inclined, to act according to their own judgment, to serve their own convictions of right, and to seek to carry out their own public purposes in the selection of their representatives.

Naturally, men whose convictions, principles, interest, or desires tend to a common purpose, will seek to acquire by concurrent action what they find it impossible to acquire by acting severally. If the number of such citizens be only sufficient to choose a single representative, all of them will be apt to unite in giving their suffrages to some one person, to be nominated

in such way as "the party" may determine. The smaller the party the greater will be the tendency to party organization, and *vice versa*. The smaller the party the greater will be, also, the inducement to the bringing forward of the best man for candidate, in witness of the sincerity and worthiness of the party purposes, and in the hope of attracting additional voters to the support of those purposes.

If the party comprise a sufficient number of citizens to elect two or more representatives, there will appear still another inducement to the nomination of trustworthy men; for if any one of the candidates be unsatisfactory to so many persons as would constitute an independent quota, no political disability, no legalized punishment in the shape of disfranchisement for daring to exercise the rights of free men, stands with "party lash" upraised to prevent them from withdrawing from the organization and electing a person of their choice. How, then, will party leaders be able to control a party comprising a sufficient number of electors to constitute two or three independent constituencies? The necessity of obeying the leaders "without a why or a wherefore," on pain of disfranchisement, being no longer available for the execution of party decrees, it is clear that party leaders must lose their power or change their tactics. Since any considerable number of electors will be no longer under the necessity of coming to them, they must go to the electors. They must present candidates who will be satisfactory to the party, rather than to the leaders of it; persons who will carry into execution the purposes of the citizens who elect them, rather than those of the caucus-captains who nominate them. Thus persons aspiring to be party leaders will be put upon their good behavior. No longer able to control the elections, they will be no longer able to control the

representatives elected, and the latter, instead of mere instruments in the hands of a party oligarchy, will represent and seek to carry out the sincere purposes of the electors, because their own advancement will depend upon it.

One of the most obvious results will be seen in the composition of the House of Representatives, which, instead of presenting the unvarying spectacle of one majority and one minority party, will more probably comprise three or four parties, so constituted that the present most injurious and infamous method of determining the character of the nation's laws by the decision of a majority of the majority party in a party caucus—that is, by the decision of a representative minority,—will be not only inexpedient but impossible. Party government—the curse of the people, the peril of the nation—will give place to popular government. If it be the sincere wish of the

popular majority that the corrupting and dangerous disease called “the spoils” shall cease, will the representatives whose advancement depends on the free will of the people, and not upon the decrees of the caucus, allow the disease to continue? The reasonable conclusion is that they will not.

What, then, does Civil Service Reform mean? Every attempt at reforming the “spoils” distemper under our present system of party necessity has failed, and for the simplest of all reasons, namely, that the disease cannot cure itself. If the present movement for Civil Service Reform means anything more than another repetition of the failure, does it not mean the removal of the political disability which creates the necessity for one dominant party organization in order to acquire the right of representation, and which political disability is therefore both the occasion of the disease and the one obstacle in the way of its cure?

IN THE COUNTRY.

HERE the sunshine, filtering down
Through leaves of emerald, dun, and brown,
Is green instead of golden;
And the hum and roar of the distant town
In an endless hush is holden.

Twinkling bright through the shadowing limes,
The brook rains a sparkle of silver rhymes
On the dragon-fly, its neighbor;
It pays no duty in dollars and dimes,
For its work is all love's labor.

Here are no spindles, nor wheels to be whirled,
No forges nor hammers from the outside world,
Stunning the ear with clamor;
You hear but the whisper of leaves unfurled,
And the tap of the woodpecker's hammer.

Here are no books to be written or read,
But cushions of softest moss instead,
Without a care to cumber;

And fern-leaf fans for the weary head,
Soothing the soul to slumber.

Oh! come from the dusty haunts of trade,
From the desk, the ledger, the loom, the spade;
There is neither toil nor payment.
Forget for once, in this peaceful shade,
The sordid ways in which dollars are made,
And food and drink and raiment.

Consider the lilies, arrayed so fair
In robes that an eastern king might wear,
Though never an eye may heed them;
And the sparrows, of whom His hand takes care,
For our Father in Heaven doth feed them.

His rainbow spans the heavenly blue;
His eye takes note of the drops of dew
And the sunset's golden arrows;
And shall He not take thought for you,
O man, as well as the sparrows?

KATE SEYMOUR McLEAN.

AN OLD MAN'S WOOING.

CHAPTER I.

BEFORE a neat frame house, overgrown with vines, in the suburbs of Washington, a young girl was sweeping the pavement early one morning. She had all the grace, suppleness and freshness inseparable from the age of seventeen, but she was not beautiful except in the eyes of a young man who, as luck would have it, came sauntering by just as she gave a last dexterous stroke of the broom, and turned to go into the house.

"La! Rob!" she said, and blushed scarlet — not because she was caught sweeping the pavement, for she was a poor girl and not ashamed to work; nor because her sleeves were rolled up, showing a splendidly-turned arm as white as if it were unused, to sun and soap-suds — she blushed for the very same reason that he looked pleased, and took her hand, ostensibly to shake, in reality to squeeze it,

which deepened the crimson of her cheeks again; and this time she was so thoroughly confused, that she could n't even reiterate "La! Rob!"

"You're up early, Millie!" said the young fellow.

"And you're out early," she laughed.

"And, as usual, as busy as a bee. You'll make a jewel of a wife! I'm not afraid of my shirt-buttons."

This remark revealed two facts, which were that these young lovers were engaged to be married, and that the gentleman had an eye to his future comforts. They both laughed, as only the young and light-hearted can laugh, at nothing. Suddenly she looked grave and reprovingly at him, saying, "You're very merry, Rob. One would think that a man who has just had his store burned down, wouldn't have the heart to laugh like that."

"The store was insured, and the insurance company will pay the

money, and I'll soon build, and go into business again. I mean to build something else, too, Millie."

"What?"

"A cosy little house for Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fordham."

"You must n't tease me any more, Rob. I've got so much to do,—the whole house to put in order,—and I do n't know what all besides, and breakfast must be nearly ready. Won't you come in?"

"No. I promised to call on the insurance agent at half-past eight or nine, so I must be off; but I'll stop on my way back."

There was a lingering hand-clasp, a fond look from loving eyes, and the young people parted. Rob went whistling down the street, and Millie gave the door-steps an extra sweep which lasted till he was out of sight.

All that morning Millie sang blithely at her work, while her mother sighed and said to herself from time to time, "Poor child! she little knows what trouble we are in, or she would n't be so happy."

At about eleven o'clock, Mr. Powers, Millie's father, came in. Though she was up-stairs, Mrs. Powers went to him eagerly, exclaiming, "Well!"

"It is not well!" he answered surly, flinging down his hat, half in anger, half in despair. "Another day has begun, and will end like all the rest, in disappointment. If I do n't get work soon, we shall all have to go to the poor-house. There seems to be no work for me anywhere, at anything. I've tried till I'm tired of trying—there's nothing doing. I was sick during all the session, and now I'm able to work, I can't get any. The season's over, and there's hardly a job printer in Washington, but what's out of work."

"You've got no work?"

"No—none. The same answer everywhere. It's cursed hard when a man has a family to support, and he can work, and is willing to work, but can't get work to do."

"What's to become of us?" inquired Mrs. Powers, beginning to cry.

"That's more than I can say. Everything has gone against us."

"Rob's grocery store burning down——"

"Yes; if that had n't happened, Millie would have been married to him by this time, and he would have helped us. Now he can't help himself. Have I any tobacco left?"

Silently Mrs. Powers handed him an empty tobacco box. He tossed it on the table.

"I suppose," he continued, "a man has no right to expect to indulge in luxuries when he can't earn the necessaries of life. Have we got anything to eat?"

For answer, Mrs. Powers opened a closet. Like the tobacco-box, it was empty, but for a piece of stale bread.

"Half a loaf!" he exclaimed.

"Well, half a loaf is better than no bread, as the saying is, but four people can hardly make a hearty meal on it, nor will it last for ever. We must go without dinner to-day, and to-morrow too, and the next day and the next, unless I can borrow more money from Nelson, which I can't, for I have n't the face to ask him, and I suppose we can't get any more credit?"

"No."

"What does the baker say?"

"That he can't wait any longer, and must have his money."

"And the butcher?"

"That he won't give us any more credit."

"And the landlord?"

She sighed and nodded her head.

"Oh, yes," he exclaimed bitterly, "they all say the same thing. And no wonder! They've waited long enough without much prospect of payment; but now they begin to see, and like rats, desert a falling house."

"About the money borrowed of Mr. Nelson, he has n't troubled you for that, has he?" inquired Mrs. Powers anxiously.

"Oh no! he's too fond of coming here to trouble me about that."

"And what does he come here so often for?"

"You a woman, and not guess that?"

Mr. Powers laughed a low, bitter laugh, and husband and wife exchanged a meaning glance.

At the same moment, a ruddy-cheeked boy bounded into the room, dropped his books on the floor, and capering up to Mrs. Powers in the gladness of childhood, cried:

"Mother! I'm so hungry! It's after twelve! Is n't dinner ready?"

"Dinner!" echoed Powers, with the same bitter laugh. "I'm afraid you'll not get much dinner in this house to-day; because there's nothing to eat."

"Nothing to eat!" echoed Johnnie in amazement; "and I'm so hungry!"

CHAPTER II.

There was a knock at the door as he spoke.

"Come in," said Powers.

And an elderly gentleman popped his head in at the door saying:

"I've come to dine with you!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Powers, laughing constrainedly, while his wife kept making negative signs to him, as if he had forgotten the empty cupboard.

"Come in! come in! Mr. Nelson," said Mrs. Powers. He came in. A plain man, plainly dressed, was Nelson, a master-carpenter, who had made a large fortune by contracts for buildings.

"And as I am rather particular about what I eat——"

"Why, we have n't got anything at all," broke in Johnnie indignantly.

His mother hushed him, blushing deeply as she did so. Taking no notice of the interruption, Mr. Nelson added:

"I've brought my dinner with me."

"Lucky you did," Johnnie again cut in.

Nelson opened the door and called, "Sam, bring in that basket!"

A colored man brought and placed upon the table a large basket filled with provisions.

Johnnie's mouth opened wide at sight of two large fat chickens, and every essential to an excellent dinner for a large party. He flew out into the kitchen, calling for Millie to hurry up and cook the dinner old "pap" Nelson had brought. At which remark the "old pap" in question bit his lips, glared at the glass opposite, and asked himself if his youth were indeed so utterly past that a child knew it instinctively. With a trembling lip he forced himself to say unconcernedly,

"I've brought you some tobacco, Powers."

"That's real thoughtful of you," said Mrs. Powers, and bustled away to help get dinner, thanking Nelson, after Providence, that she had one to prepare. After she had gone, both men sat down and for some moments smoked in silence. Then Nelson, after a prefatory "hem," blurted out,

"That's a handy girl of yours."

"She can help herself and everybody else," replied Powers, proudly.

"She'll be a treasure of — a — wife — one of these days," continued Nelson, "to some young fool who won't appreciate her — perhaps get drunk and abuse her."

Powers winced a little, but answered with a show of indifference:

"Should n't wonder! It's the way of the world."

"Are matters looking any brighter, Powers?"

"No, Nelson, they're looking blacker than ever. I've tried everywhere and everything. A man who has a family to keep has n't any right to be proud. I'd break stones in the road, but the chain-gangs got that job."

"Well, trade's so slack now every-

where, that's the reason you can't get anything to do. Things will mend by and by."

"Yes, but while things are mending, the poor man's heart is breaking. I'm ruined—I'm deeply in your debt."

"Do n't think of that—I do n't."

"Well, then, I'm deeply in everybody's debt, and nobody will give me any work to help me to get out of it."

"While there's life there's hope," replied Nelson.

"So the doctors say till the man's dead. I'm sick of those old saws, Nelson. They give me no consolation, nor bread, nor work."

"If I could show you a way out of your trouble, would you take it?"

"Better try me."

"Well—it's a road you might not like to travel."

"Hu—sh! here come the women folks to set the table. Let's go out in the garden till dinner's ready and you can tell me plainly what you're driving at."

"I do n't deny he's a good, kind old man, mother," said Millie, as she flung open a white tablecloth, and, with a dexterous fling, made it touch four corners at once and flutter down, like some huge snow-bird, until it settled smoothly on the table.

"You have n't an idea how kind, Millie. You know your father was sick for weeks and weeks, and could n't do a stroke of work. There was no one else to earn a penny and everything went wrong. Misfortunes never come singly. The rent fell due. We had no money, and we had to borrow from Mr. Nelson. There was a dreadful doctor's bill—he paid it. In short, he fed us and clothed us and kept a roof over our heads. He's been a friend indeed. But for him, child, we would not have had a bite of dinner to-day. You owe a heavy debt of gratitude to him, and you ought to pay it."

"I pay it, mother!" exclaimed Millie, setting a half dozen plates rather suddenly on the table, at the risk of breaking them. "I? How?"

"He's in love with you. What else could have made him so kind to us? He wants you to marry him."

"I!" reiterated Millie. "I marry a man old enough to be my father?"

"He has been a father to you. Without him your father would be in his grave."

"But you seem to forget that I am engaged to be married to Rob."

"Oh, you might as well put that all out of your head now. We are on the brink of starvation, and you can't afford to take up with a poor man."

"But he will not be poor when the insurance is paid."

"Yes—'when,'—but if my sentiments come true, as they usually do, you will be riding in your coach with Nelson before that 'when' comes to pass."

"Here's Rob now, mother," said Millie.

"And looking mighty bad, too, about something." With which parting shot, Mrs. Powers slipped out, leaving the two alone, because she saw in his face he had no good news to tell. Millie, too, saw that, and running to him entreated him to tell her what had happened.

The usually bright face of Robert Fordham was clouded and troubled. Taking her warm soft hand in his, he said gravely:

"I've been put off again, darling, and the insurance agent hinted something that gave me a great deal of uneasiness."

"That they cannot pay the money?"

"No, not cannot, but as if the company was inclined to dispute the amount, and if they force me to go to law about it, it would put me to great expense and trouble. I might never recover anything, and be even a poorer man than when I obtained your consent to be my wife. I might have to

begin the world all over again, with nothing but my own two hands to work with."

"Then I should begin it with you, and help you with mine."

"You would still love me?" exclaimed Rob, a glad surprised smile lighting up his frank face; "you would still be willing to share my poor lot?"

For answer little Millie, forgetting her old-time modesty and coquettish coyness, wound her dimpled arms around his neck and gave him such a hearty kiss that Mother Powers might have heard it in the kitchen, but that she was fortunately basting the chicken. But I hope the reader will excuse them, for they were only plain poor people, and "society" had never come near enough to them to teach them coldness and self-restraint.

Then she gasped: "Oh!" He suddenly dropped her, and not a moment too soon, either, for Nelson and Powers came in from the garden, and Mrs. Powers from the kitchen with the dinner. They invited Rob to dine with them. Just as they were finishing dinner, a policeman and another man came in and inquired for Mr. Robert Fordham. Everybody was alarmed by the constabulary visitors, and Rob sprang to his feet.

"My name is Fordham," he said; "what do you want?"

"I have a warrant for your arrest."

"Mine?"

"Yes —"

"On what charge?"

"On the charge of burning down your store."

Millie clasped her arms about his neck, shrieking and sobbing. Not her mother, nor her father, nor the policeman was it who had the heart to unwind them; but Nelson, who took the half-fainting girl in his arms, and while Robert Fordham was walking away from her between two officers, hanging his head as if he were guilty, the old man whispered:

"I love you!"

And so began *his* wooing.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Dedinger, the lawyer, was seated in his office at a table covered with papers. At a desk in the corner sat Mr. Black, his clerk, who finished a letter and handed it to the lawyer. He, after reading it, said:

"Yes, that will do. I expect that Fordham's case will take the whole day."

"Do you think he is innocent, Sir? Will he get off?"

Dedinger answered dryly: "You ask me two questions which have nothing to do with each other. He may be innocent, and yet not get off."

"What do you think about it?"

"I should think he had a better chance of getting off if he were guilty. We could bring him in insane."

"Is that justice, Sir?" asked Black, indignantly.

"May be not; but it is law, which is a very different thing."

"Poor fellow! I hope he will get off."

"As a lawyer's clerk you should never indulge in any sentimental feelings towards a client. It is nothing to lawyers whether clients are guilty or not. Their duty is to convict a man or get him off, according to the side they are on."

"Well, Sir; I have a little feeling for this young man, because he was a friend of mine, and we were both going to be married on the same day."

"So much the better for him, and so much the worse for you. You will be having a family next and wanting your salary raised, making me pay for your luxuries. Come in!"

Mr. Nelson came in at his bidding, and Black dodged out.

"Will young Fordham get off?" the old man asked eagerly. Everybody was asking the same of everybody else who could n't tell them. It was the question of the hour.

"I do n't think he will. The evidence is strong against him."

"I'm sorry for that —"

"No, Nelson," Dedinger broke in roughly; "you are *not* sorry."

"What do you mean by that, Sir?"

"I mean that you were once a good man, kind, generous-feeling; but you are different now, and the very sentiment that should have ennobled, has debased you. Love—love for a child—a girl young enough to be your grand-daughter."

"Why should n't an old man be in love with a young girl?" Nelson asked petulantly.

"There is no reason why he should not, but there are plenty of reasons why a young girl should not be in love with an old man."

"What are they, I should like to know; what are they?"

"When I mention one, there will be no reason to name the others. She naturally prefers a young one. In youth hearts are trumps."

"Pshaw! Hearts tell people just what they want to believe."

"Just so. Do n't you think your own flatters you a little?"

"No, Sir; no," replied Nelson vehemently. "My love for Miss Powers is such as no young man could feel. My love has not debased me. I am perfectly unselfish. I have no thought but for her. I would give my very life to make her happy. Can there be anything wrong in such a love as mine?"

"The sentiment as far as you are concerned is pure enough, I dare say; but if it is not reciprocated?"

"Pshaw! Why is it not reciprocated? Because young girls don't know what's good for them. They fall in love with young fellows just because they are young and good looking. They fall in love with curly hair, bushy whiskers, and a flattering tongue. How long does the delusion last, generally?"

"Not long, generally."

"Of course not. The pretty young man gets tired of his prettier doll, and then comes coldness on both sides; then spats, squabbles, serious misun-

derstandings, and furious altercations which the lawyers are called in to settle. Thus you see, in young hearts love soon dies out, while in old hearts it grows and grows."

Here Mr. Nelson looked sentimentally at Dedinger and waited for a sympathetic reply. Instead of which the lawyer growled and shook his head. The old man fired up immediately, and thumping his cane on the floor he asked:

"Why do you shake your head at me in that way, Sir? Can you point at anything in my conduct that is dishonorable? When Fordham was arrested, this young girl gave me a conditional promise of marriage—"

"Conditional?" echoed Dedinger with a chuckle.

"Yes. She said: 'If Rob is innocent and is acquitted, I can never marry anybody but him, but if he is guilty I will marry you.'"

"Not very complimentary to you."

"That's my business. Sufficient to say, I accepted the alternative."

"That's very bad, Sir! Very bad!"

"Do you mean to say, Sir," said Nelson, with rising choler, "that I am a bad man? You cannot prove it by any act of mine in the past; the family was in distress, the father sick and out of work, loaded down with debt and unable to purchase food. I paid their debts, lent them money, supplied them with provisions, and made them comfortable in every way. Would a bad man have done all that? This young fellow to whom, in a weak moment, Milly engaged herself, was arrested for arson, and unable to pay a lawyer. Who stepped forward to aid him? A rival. I, Sir—I—I am responsible to your partner for his fees. Is that the act of a bad man? I believe in my heart Rob Fordham is guilty, and yet I have done everything in my power to get him off."

"You believe him guilty?" echoed Dedinger. "You mean that in

your own heart you wish to see him condemned."

"How do you know that? If— if—there is any such feeling lurking in my breast, it is because I love her, and want to save her from misery—for Fordham is a worthless fellow—besides she loves me, Sir—she has loved me from a child, and loves me now."

"As a father," interrupted the imperturbable lawyer. "And because you have been good to the old people."

"Father be-fiddlesticked!" Nelson roared, for the blow hit him on the raw. "I'm not old—I'm not sixty by a long shot. And if I *am* old, I shall die the sooner and leave her all my money."

"Perhaps the young lady has thought of that before you."

"Dedinger! You're positively offensive and insulting—and if you were not an old friend—"

"Yes. I am an *old* friend. We were boys together. I was five years younger than you at school. I'm hard on to sixty now, if you're not, and my oldest daughter is just Millie's age. Come, Nelson, do put this marrying nonsense out of your head, and let this young couple sink or swim together. Or if you must marry, select some steady middle-aged woman."

"You don't seem to consider that I love the young girl."

"Love at your age? God bless my soul! I should have thought your heart was like a bundle of dry sticks."

"Dry sticks, when they take fire, burn fiercely."

"And soon burn out, leaving nothing behind but ashes."

"Go to the d—!" said Nelson, lumbering out of the room, and banging the door in a passion. Dedinger laid back in his chair and laughed, saying to himself: "That old man is trying to please Heaven and serve the devil at the same time."

Mr. Black announced Miss Powers,

saying that she had been waiting until Mr. Nelson was gone, before coming in.

"Avoiding him?" inquired the lawyer.

"It looked like it, Sir," was the answer.

"Tell her to come in."

"Oh, Mr. Dedinger!" exclaimed Millie, hurrying to him excitedly, "You are Mr. Fordham's lawyer, are you not?"

"My partner, Mr. Bradley, is pleading in the case."

"Will he be acquitted?"

"The evidence is very strong against him," replied Dedinger gravely; "but Mr. Nelson has spared no expense, to ensure his acquittal."

"I shall always be grateful to him," she answered, sighing deeply.

"Gratitude!" thought Dedinger, "I guessed it was no warmer feeling."

"O! here's Atwood," he said. "He has just come from court, and will give us the news." He introduced the young lawyer to Millie, and then asked how the case was getting on. "The jury have just gone out to consider the verdict," Atwood answered. "Mr. Bradley made a splendid speech considering—"

"Considering what?" inquired Dedinger quietly.

"Considering that he has been out to balls and parties every night for a month, and has hardly had time to look at his brief. It's a marvel how he got the line of defence into his head! As it was, he omitted the most important part of all."

"That is a very serious charge to make, Mr. Atwood. Perhaps you will explain yourself."

Millie drew near and nearer, waiting for the next words with breathless eagerness.

"Why—I ascertained, and called Bradley's attention to the significant fact that three or four boys were playing in Fordham's yard, half an hour before the fire broke out. They were trying to smoke for the first time, and

one of them threw a lighted match into a packing-box half filled with straw, which stood near the door of the store. From that box the fire caught, and the insurance company contended that Fordham had thrown a light there for incendiary purposes. One of the boys was brother to Fordham's clerk, but was afraid to confess that he had caused the fire for fear of getting his brother dismissed, or himself in trouble. However, the truth came out, and the clerk knowing me, came and told me what his brother had done, who is a boy old enough to testify, so that not only am I convinced that Fordham is innocent, but that if I had had the case I could have got him off. As it is, he is certain to be convicted."

With a piercing shriek Millie grasped the arm of the astonished young lawyer, who had hardly noticed her presence, and cried:

"Oh, Sir, don't let him be condemned! Go into court and say what you said just now! Tell the judge and jury that he did not do it! Oh! for mercy's sake!—for the love of heaven! save him! save him!"

Sobbing hysterically she fell into Atwood's arms. Dedinger placed her in a chair, and fanned her with his hat, while Atwood ran for water. The lawyer muttered: "It do n't appear to me that the old man's wooing has made any lasting impression on this girl."

CHAPTER IV.

Yielding to the entreaties of Millie, Mr. Atwood brought her to the courthouse. The jury were still out.

"Stand here," he said, "and you'll see all that's going on."

"What are the people waiting for?" she asked.

"They're waiting for the verdict."

The word struck like a blow on Millie's heart, and suddenly catching sight of Rob, a prisoner, she uttered a stifled shriek.

A woman's face turned towards her,

and the wretched girl recognized her mother, then her father, and then Nelson. They were together. She shuddered, and they began to struggle towards her. Nelson was nervous and agitated, and kept repeating, half to himself, half to Powers and his wife, "I have done my duty—have I not done my duty?" as if his own conscience needed assuring on that score. Powers at last replied, mechanically: "Yes, I suppose you have done even more than your duty."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," he answered, brightening up a little. "I only wanted to do my duty and save her; and if you, her father, says I have done my duty, who dares question my motives?"

"No one," said Mrs. Powers. "If he should be acquitted, Millie will be free to marry him, if she will"—Nelson winced—"but she never will with *my* consent. I will never allow her to marry a man whose prospects are ruined—a criminal!"

"That has to be proved yet," growled Powers; and then turning savagely on the old man, he said:

"Look here, Nelson, if I had been able to support my family and keep a roof over our heads, I should not have been forced to make a bargain with you for my child."

"Forced! Bargain!" stammered the old man.

"Yes, that's about what it was. I drove her to consent to marry you if they proved it on Fordham. Any one can see she's breaking her heart over it, and if I did n't think you meant to be kind to her, I'd strangle you right here."

Nelson could n't reply, because they had succeeded in reaching Millie. They surrounded her, Atwood falling back to give them room.

"Don't cry! do n't cry!" whispered Mrs. Powers, taking her daughter's hand.

"Mother! mother!" she sobbed, "you little know the double dread that haunts my heart."

Having recovered from his amazement at Powers' attack, Nelson said to him:

"I assure you I only tried to do my duty."

"Your duty be ——!" replied Powers, in an undertone, as the jury-men re-entered the box.

It was a moment of suspense.

The multitude swayed once—as if with a common impulse—then instantly settled into a terrible silence, listening breathlessly.

The jury having been seated, the judge asked:

"Gentlemen, have you agreed upon your verdict?"

The foreman replied: "We have."

"Is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty!"

CHAPTER V.

Young Black sat in his office. It was still early, and he yawned and mused:

"Why did I ever marry? Why should our desires ever be granted to us only to make us miserable? When I was a boy, my ambition was to smoke. I smoked, and it made me sick. Becoming a man, I wanted a wife. I chose one, and she made me miserable. She seemed devoted to me before marriage. How she has cooled off! Hang me if I don't think it better to begin cool in courtship, and warm up afterwards!"

Mr. Nelson interrupted his meditations. He asked if Mr. Dedinger had come yet.

"Not yet, Sir, but I expect him every minute. Will you take a chair?"

"Wish me joy, Black! wish me joy!" the old man said, gayly, sitting down.

"Oh!" exclaimed Black, "I remember—this is your wedding-day!"

"Why, what's the matter? You talk and look as if you were going to a funeral."

"Mr. Nelson, you are old in years——"

"Now, look here!" he replied, starting up; "I don't want any of that from you."

"No offence intended, Sir,—no offence. I was merely going to say that though old in years, you have had no experience."

"What do you mean, Sir, by no experience?"

"I mean of marriage. You may brag of your age as much as you like——"

"But I'm not bragging of my age—not at all, Sir—far from it. And I'd thank you not to make any reference to my age."

"But just hear me out."

"Well, Sir, go on, go on!" Nelson was getting restive.

"I was about to observe that you may be as old as Methusaleh; but if you have never been married in all those years, you have had no experience of the married state."

"Well, and what's *your* experience? You have been married a matter of six months or less."

"Well, Sir, my conclusion is that marriage is about the biggest sell of the nineteenth century."

"I do n't believe it."

"Just so. As I said, nothing but experience will open people's eyes, and then it's too late to help themselves. Take my advice; make the most of your flowers while they are fresh and of your kid gloves while they are whole; for, mark my word, the flowers will fade, and the kid gloves will burst."

At this stage of the conversation Mr. Dedinger came in, to Nelson's great relief. Without any congratulatory remarks he said rather brusquely to the old man:

"So your wooing has prospered, after all! But you had better make haste and get the wedding over."

"What do you mean?" inquired Nelson anxiously.

"Read that letter!" Nelson took

the letter, and paling slightly read:
"THOS. DEDINGER, ESQ.:

"Sir—I thank you for your exertions on my behalf, and particularly that you prevailed on your own friends to go bail for me; otherwise, having no monied friends of my own, I should have had to remain in prison during the new trial. I am to be released at once, and shall call immediately to express my gratitude in person.

"Very sincerely yours,

"ROBERT FORDHAM."

Without a word Nelson handed the letter back.

"No," said Dedinger. "Take that letter and show it to your intended. That is the way for an honest man to act; and see if, when she knows that young Fordham is out on bail, and that his acquittal is as certain as death, whether she is still willing to marry you."

"I will."

"Do so, Nelson, at once. The girl has kept faith with you. Do the right thing by her. If, after reading that letter, she is still willing to marry you, I shall be the first to wish you joy."

"Your advice is sound, Dedinger. I will act upon it;" and, shaking the lawyer warmly by the hand, he left him. As he went down the stairs he turned the matter over in his mind, and decided as quickly upon it as men are forced to do when in an emergency. "So!" he thought, "he is a free man now, and will be proved innocent. In one hour I am to be married. Shall I give her this letter? Shall I, with my own hand, ruin my own happiness and hers? No; I will save her from herself—from that young man. I will do my duty to the last. She shall not have the letter!" And going to the curbstone he slowly tore it into pieces, which he dropped into the gutter. On what trifles our lives depend! If he had not stopped to think a moment and to destroy the letter—; but, as novelists say, "let us not anticipate." As the last white

morsel fluttered to earth some one gave Nelson a slap on the back that nearly sent him where the letter was. He turned angrily, but the words died on his lips. He saw a bright cheerful young face and an outstretched hand, both of which belonged to his rival, Robert Fordham.

"Why, Mr. Nelson!" cried Rob, grasping his hand and nearly wringing it off. "How glad I am to see you! Why don't you speak? You look as scared as if you had seen a ghost. Oh! I see how it is! You have n't heard about Mr. Dedinger's getting bail for me. Mr. Nelson, I'll never forget your kindness to me in my dark hours of trouble and disgrace—never. But for you, I would not have been able even to get a lawyer's services. Thanks to you, Mr. Dedinger has taken the warmest interest in my case, has personally hunted up new evidence, and says there's not a doubt of my acquittal." In his joy he wrung Nelson's hand again and again, until the old man fairly winced with pain. "But what's the matter? You look as if you had something on your mind. You're fixed up, too. Oh, I see! You're going to be married. I congratulate you—I wish you joy from the bottom of my heart. Come, do n't be bashful about it, because you've left it so long. Better late than never, you know. Do I know the lady! What! You're dumb with joy. Never mind. I'll hear all about it soon from Millie. I wish you joy again. Good-bye."

"Where are you going?" asked Nelson constrainedly.

"Up to have a talk with Dedinger, and then to see Millie."

"How long will you be?"

"About three quarters of an hour or so."

"Three quarters of an hour! Well, I won't detain you! Good-bye!"

Rob wrenched the old man's hand again and fairly leaped up the lawyer's stairs.

"Three quarters of an hour, eh?"

A miss is as good as a mile any day. I shall be married by the time he calls to pay his respects."

So thinking, Nelson called a hack; but, true to his close habits, for he was not liberal except when it served some selfish purpose, he chaffered five minutes about the price, settled it at last, and, telling the man to drive fast, he got in.

When Fordham entered the lawyer's office, that worthy man gave a start, dropped his pen, pulled out his watch, and popped his head out of the window. He saw the back of Nelson's hack turning the corner.

"How do you do, Mr. Ded——," began Rob, surprised and discomfited at the lawyer's strange reception. Dedinger did not reply, but clapped on his hat.

"Come along with me," he said, for once losing his self-possession. He flew down stairs, with Rob after him, not knowing what had happened, but divining something had from the lawyer's haste. He jumped into his carriage and called to Rob to "hurry up." Rob sprang into the seat beside him. Dedinger gathered up the reins, and saying, "If this horse cannot beat a hack, I'm three thousand dollars out of pocket, for I will blow his head off."

There was not another word spoken, for the horse flew so fast the air took away Rob's breath, and it was all he could do to keep himself in the seat and hold his hat on. They never drew rein till they pulled up at the Powers' little frame house. The lawyer looked anxiously around; there was no sign of a hack; he chuckled, lifted Rob out of the vehicle as one drops out a dog, and was off again like a shot. Alarmed, Rob rushed into the house and tore open the parlor door. There sat Mrs. Powers and Millie dressed as a bride. The former was just concluding an eloquent harangue in these words:

"You will be happier than you think, for if I had my time to go over

again, I'd marry a comfortable kind rich old man, who would give me everything that heart could wish for, and ——"

"Millie!" exclaimed Rob.

"Rob!" shrieked Millie.

And they rushed into each other's arms right before the old woman.

CHAPTER VI.

"I'd like to know, Sir, what you mean by bursting into my house like mad, and frightening my daughter till she do n't know what she's doing?" said Mrs. Powers indignantly, trying to pull Millie away from Rob; but her arms clung the closer round his neck, and would not be loosened.

"Let me alone, mother," sobbed the poor girl; "he'll have to be told — let me tell him."

Mrs. Powers dumped herself into the rocking-chair and rocked furiously.

"What have you to tell me, Millie?" said Rob, straining her closer and closer to his broad breast.

"Rob — Rob — forgive me — but I am not free."

"Not free! How? I do n't understand."

"When your misfortunes came, Rob, we had ours, too; and Mr. Nelson, he gave us bread, lent my father money, and kept us in our house. I was grateful, and he knew it. And when you were tried I promised him that if you did not get off, I would marry him; for if you were guilty, how could I have married you? He asked me for my heart, but I told him that, innocent or guilty, *that* would always remain yours."

"Millie! Millie! It would have been better if I had never regained my liberty. What do I care for liberty, or even life, without you? But he has taken a mean, cowardly advantage of your necessities and my absence — disgrace, and I will force him to ——"

"No, no, Rob. Do n't look like that! Do n't speak so! You owe him a heavy debt of gratitude as well as I."

"It is true," Rob replied, softening. "He is a good man. Once his wife, you will forget me, and be happy with him."

"No, no," sobbed Millie, "I do not love him except as a father; but my hand is promised to him, and my heart is breaking."

Rob pressed his lips to hers. "Is duty so hard to do?" he asked in a tremulous voice. "Millie, my heart, too, is breaking, but since God has seen fit to try us thus, I will not increase your misery by my presence. I will bow to His will. Millie — one kiss — the last; good bye."

Powers entered the room suddenly, and beheld Rob trying to untwine Millie's arms from around his neck. She was sobbing hysterically; the bridal wreath lay trampled under foot, the veil flung aside.

"What's all this?" he enquired, looking at his wife, whose anger had melted away in tears. "The minister's come; where's the bridegroom?"

The French window was pushed open; Mr. Nelson stepped into the room from the garden, and, going resolutely up to Millie, he took her hand and placed it in Rob's. "Here is the bridegroom," he said.

"No trifling, Sir," said Rob, fiercely.

Nelson turned to the young girl. "Pardon me, Millie, for playing the eaves-dropper. I glanced in at the window, and was shocked to see you in this young man's arms. I could not move away. I could not but

overhear you, and am glad I did so, for I have had my eyes opened rudely, but thoroughly. I have been selfish. I thought I was doing my duty to keep you two apart. I thought your feeling for him was but a passing fancy — that you did love me."

"And so I do," stammered Millie, "as — as —"

"As a father. I understand now. Love me still as a father, for I will never be your husband."

"Oh! thank you, thank you for refusing me," exclaimed Millie. "You are as I always thought — kindness, goodness itself."

"I *will* be goodness itself, and do penance for my past selfishness. I have been a blind, vain, silly old man. I thank heaven humbly that my eyes have been opened before I wrecked your happiness and his. My suffering in seeing you another's will be my punishment."

Turning to Rob, he placed his bouquet in his hand, gave him the wedding ring, and beckoned to the minister, who had considerably kept in the background during the foregoing scene.

"He can't have my daughter!" cried Mrs. Powers, starting up.

"And why not?" asked her husband.

"Never, in his old clothes."

"He *shall* — old clothes — new clothes, or no clothes at all," Powers replied, putting his foot down.

And so the trampled bridal wreath was picked up, the disordered veil set straight, the prayer book opened, the old man's wooing ended and the young man's, too; for, without more delay Millie and Rob were made man and wife.

CELIA LOGAN KELLOGG.

AMONG THE STONE LILIES.

FIFTEEN years ago a single leaf was turned in a rocky volume which Nature had pressed, sealed, and laid away carefully among her archives. Water, frost, and man's instinct for town building have loosened still other leaves from this encyclopædia of days long past, and a few ardent eyes are gloating over the revealed pages.

Nature tells the story of the present in an unbroken succession of living, breathing, moving forms—a wondrous pantomime, embodying a living universal language which all the races may understand.

Her history she seals up in the hills, and the characters therein are the life-forms of the past—*tableaux* which speak the same language to the eyes and understandings of men that we have learned to read in the present, displayed in the ever-renewed life-carpet of verdure, across which, as in so many shifting scenes, glide myriads of moving creatures.

The creations of the past are vividly portrayed to us in frames of stone. Geologists recognize these as "groups." Each one tells its own story. It is complete. Like any other real story, it has a beginning and an end. It is linked to the present by the same sea, land, air, sky, sunshine, and creative energy which enfold us to-day. The same great physical laws embraced the past, that sustain the world of the present, but a myriad of life-forms have fled.

A similar complexity, variety, and beauty characterized the surface-life of our planet then as now, but each age stands out by itself clearly individualized and revealed. There are no shreds of incompleteness, dangling between groups like the to-be-continued of some scenery tale.

When the practiced geologist, famil-

iarized with the swarming life-forms of one group, brings himself into contact with another, he feels almost as if he were being ushered into another world. It is indeed another creation unfolding itself around him. The dead forms revive in his imagination, and live and move about him. He rushes from one form to another, and finds often innumerable resemblances to shapes with which he is already familiar, and by these affinities he is able to classify and arrange them with facility.

It very often seems that the more nearly the new forms approach to such as he is already acquainted with, the more vividly he is impressed with the creative energy manifested; for he finds that some idea he had supposed quite exhausted in a neighboring formation here blossoms forth afresh in unexpected ways; as if, with a new lease of life, there came ever-renewing susceptibilities to variation. All this gives to the geologist the greatest delight in passing from one group to the nearest one geologically. Here his mind makes a grateful and pleasant step. He is not then puzzled by any *outré* form, as he is like to be when considerable geological intervals are passed. The human mind is so constituted as to move pleasantly and truly only by steps, never by leaps. Every science is a ladder up which we must toil (not painfully), step by step, to the heavens above.

The single leaf we mentioned was turned by Dr. D. D. Owen and his able band of coadjutors, when engaged upon the North-western Geological Survey. He pictured and described perhaps a score of forms in a rock-section at Burlington, Iowa. These were all new to science, but their affinities, and the *tout ensemble* of all the fossils then found, enabled that

veteran geologist to recognize a new group which he called the Encrinital Limestone, and assigned it a place at the base of the sub-carboniferous rocks of the West. The name he assigned to this rock, having been so extensively used in Europe and elsewhere to designate beds of rock in widely separated formations, has not been generally adopted.

The name of Burlington Limestone was given to this group by Professor Hall and others, as this noted locality, Burlington, Iowa, has afforded, so far, nearly all the characteristic fossils of this group. The rock has been recognized over a very extensive area in the West, and is marked everywhere by the prevalence of the same forms, and bounds the horizon of the most extraordinary development of crinoidal life hitherto observed. So great is the variety of forms manifested among the Burlington Crinoidæ that, after deducting thirty or forty species, one sooner expects to meet a new species than to obtain a duplicate of any rare form. I believe the Burlington Limestone will continue to afford unexpected and novel forms for a century to come, and yet the impression produced by the whole group will be but slightly more decided than it is to-day; that is, it will not probably stand out as a distinct creation in a stronger light than now. As the comparative anatomist does not require every part of an animal to pass under his inspection in order to reconstruct it faithfully in all its essential details, so, the practiced geologist needs no exhaustive display of fossils from a single group in order to be certified of its individuality as a separate creation. This is very evident in the clear determination of the group-character of the Burlington Limestone by Professor Owen, though but few characteristic fossils passed beneath his inspection. The New York geologists long ago recognized all the marked groups of the Silurian and Devonian periods represented in that State be-

fore anything like a fair representation of their fossils had been obtained. It is this group character, or the appearance of evidently distinct consecutive creations, which gives the elements of certitude in geological inquiries.

It is not necessary to exhaust every physical science before we are able to recognize and reason upon the great physical laws which bind together the material universe. The Creator has wisely ordained that there should be an alphabet to every department of knowledge which may be comprehended and used successfully ages before the heights and depths of science have been scaled. This being the case, I am impatient of those pure theorists, who ignore and make light of geological evidence,—who base vast structures upon the supposition of incompleteness in the geologic record, as if our recognition of the law of gravitation should be set aside to await a full comprehension of the whole of God's universe. Let the ardent collector and practical geologist go on with their work, and accept with unquestioning faith the things they see, undismayed and uninfluenced by the theories of closet naturalists. The sharply defined group-character of our western sub-carboniferous rocks, their limited vertical range, their gentle dip, seldom more than two feet to the mile, affording a good exhibition of every lamina of these rocks as the Mississippi river gradually and successively cuts through each formation, and their unbounded wealth in fossil forms, yield to the student the finest field of labor to be found in the known world.

I love to contemplate the warm side of the rocks. A simple stone or crystal has but little power to move me. Let, however, any life-form or fragment thereof be therein enshrined, and the imagination is at once kindled, while something lives again to the mind, and moves about amid a myriad of cognate forms. It has been only occasionally a day or two at a

time, or at most a week, that I have been able to visit the famous locality for encrinurites, at Burlington. The surface rock, at Keokuk, where I live, formerly called Archimedes Limestone by Professor Owen, now called Keokuk Limestone by all western geologists, immediately overlies the Burlington Limestone. This rock is also famous for its crinoids, but to pass from the Keokuk Limestone to the Burlington is like visiting another world. All the fossil forms of the two groups are allied, indicating a similar climatic condition during the two epochs. I can boast a familiarity of over twelve years with these rocks, but I am yet to see a single species, crinoidal or molluscos, pass from one to the other epoch.

In all the Burlington crinoidæ a singular delicacy and beauty is manifest. The entire mass of the rock seems often composed of crinoidal remains, and the rock being very friable permits these beautiful fossils to weather out very perfectly, and some forms are exceedingly abundant. Bushels of a single species have here been obtained, contrasting strangely with the overlying Keokuk Limestone which has afforded but few specimens of any single species.

Few, save such as are familiar with geological researches, have any knowledge of an order of the animal kingdom, the marvellous beauty and perfection of whose fossil forms to-day fill the minds of all practical geologists with untold delight and wonder. Fewer yet have ever seen even a fragment of the *Caput Medusæ* of existing seas,—the only homologous forms known at present to represent all the vanished splendor of the remote past when this order filled the deep. Many a sailor has endeavored to pluck and bring to shore this clustering wonder of jointed tentacles, which, like a feathery vegetation, fringes the edge of the West Indian coral reefs, or of the *Comatula* which clings to the precipitous sides of the

great sea-chasms—the friths, inlets and straits of Norway and Greenland. The *Comatula* and *Pentacrinite* or *Caput Medusæ* can disjoin themselves and fall away from the touch like pictures of enchantment. The real solid fragments left in the hand, like so many animated self-repellant particles, alone suffice to satisfy the mind that the whole is not a delusion.

I have seen a single feathery arm of the creature which had been slipped into alcohol, in the very act of disintegration. It was jointed and sub-jointed to its extremest feathery attenuation, and lives in my memory as a miracle of joints, sub-joints, jointed fringes and sub-fringes. This creature is, as I have said, the solitary representative of a kind of life which filled the ancient seas, the amazing beauty and variety of whose forms seem an antetype in the animal kingdom of the wondrous variety, beauty and complexity of the vegetable kingdom of to-day. In both, all the wonderful variety exhibited seems superinduced upon a few simple, elementary forms or principles of structure. Thus, in the vegetable world, the leaf is the simple elemental type at once of every species and of every portion of a vegetable organism. In the Crinoidæ a polygonal plate, which is a triangular lamina or some modification of the triangle, is the elemental form out of which all the wondrous variety of crinoidal life has been crystallized. In the old text-books of geology there used to be a picture of the *Encrinurites Moniliformis*—a plate crinoid with closed straight fingers—the remark usually accompanying the figure was: “A perfect specimen of this fossil not to be found.” The vast number of parts of which each individual consisted was thought to preclude the possibility of another specimen being found.

These creatures manifestly had a power of disintegration analogous to that of the *Comatula*, and in death,

especially if by violence, could scatter themselves into a thousand fragments. But of this and many other species of the order thousands of individuals have been found.

The Burlington Limestone, however, and the succeeding groups of the sub-carboniferous rocks in the Mississippi Valley have afforded in a few years, to a few enthusiastic collectors, more species than have hitherto been obtained in all the world beside. The enthusiasm for their collection and study can hardly be equalled in any other department of geological research. They afford a striking contrast, by their variety of forms, to the monotony of fossil-shells, the differences among which but slightly impress the mind. Although the shell-life of the present

does afford the greatest beauty and variety, yet fossil shells do not possess color and other perishable features which yield so many important elements of variety in living shells.

The passion which botanists confess for ferns is analogous to the paleontologist's love of the Crinoidæ. In the fern a graceful flowing outline is supplemented by a wondrous exactitude in the arrangement and cut of the pinnae the pinnule and segments, the matchless precision of the venation, and the position of the fruit-dots. Just so in the encrinites a marvellously graceful flowing outline is connected with a geometrical exactitude in structural details scarcely ever seen elsewhere in the organic world.

G. M. KELLOGG.

A SIDE-ISSUE.

MR. WINCASE was a popular lawyer in Plumtreville, and Plumtreville was a rising town in a rising Western State. It follows that Mr. Wincase was a rising man. In fact, he had already risen considerably. Having been employed, ten years before, to chop wood on a river bottom when it was flooded and frozen, he had spent a winter in piling up cord-wood which his employer had neither measured nor paid for, when a spring flood, arriving prematurely, swept all his labor and all the proofs of it into the Gulf of Mexico. The employer became acute and obtuse at once. His acuteness perceived the difficulty of collecting pay for invisible work, and his obtuseness resisted all the arguments of Mr. Wincase. He really could n't see that any wood had been cut for him.

Wincase consulted a lawyer, who, after looking over his six-volume

library, came to the sage conclusion that Mr. Wincase was very unfortunate — or, as he put it, "in a devil of a fix."

Wincase looked hard at the lawyer for some seconds, and then objurgated for several minutes, after which he gradually cleared off and went into the business thus:

"See here, Mr. Lawyer, don't you believe I cut them one hundred and twenty cords of wood?"

"I certainly believe you cut more or less wood; I would n't swear to the number of cords."

"And do you reckon there's a man in ten miles o' here that do n't know I cut them cords of wood?"

"Well, what of it? You can't *prove* that you cut any wood, 'cause there's none to be found."

"And you mean to say that's law in this country?"

"Well, yes, I reckon so."

"Well, I reckon you're the almighty fool the Lord ever made!"

Whereupon, feeling better after these large words, Wincase went about his business.

And this is the way he did it: He pushed straight to St. Louis, and spent four weeks in strictly private legal studies. Then he returned and sued his old employer for the price of cutting one hundred and eighty cords of wood, and fought his own case all the way up to the State Supreme Court, where he won it with costs, the extra sixty cords paying off his hotel bills.

I shall not describe this battle. It is recorded in certain frontier law-books. I only set down the points made by Wincase:

1. There were no stumps on the river bank the previous autumn.

2. The stumps found there by witnesses after the flood, were numerous enough and large enough to show that one hundred and eighty cords of wood had been cut.

The contest lasted eighteen months, during which time Wincase lived mostly about court houses; and when he recovered his money, he took into his head that "recovering" was pleasanter work than wood-chopping, and might be made to yield larger annual returns.

Without more ado, Mr. Wincase advertised from the best office to be had in Plumtreville in this fashion:

"SIMON WINCASE, LAWYER."

The cord-wood case was his stock-in-trade; and that, and possibly some subtlety and force shown in it, gave him his reputation. In short, this case was his learning, capital, and experience.

He told the story for twenty years; but I believe never explained how he arrived at the surplus sixty cords of wood by measurement of the stumps. I have always suspected that he got his own insight into the possible uses

of uncertainty in legal matters right then and there.

Once, when hard pushed to explain, Wincase grew confidential and said:

"Well, the fact o' the bill is, them witnesses let me do the counting and the figuring, and they did the swearing; and I was n't the man to collect pay for chopping wood by that sort of measure and lose money on it. The prettiest joke about it is that I actually had two hundred and twenty cords of wood sworn to, and the trump of a judge gave me credit for modesty and honesty on that there striking discrepancy in my bill. He made me ashamed of myself for taking so little out of that old rip, John Benton."

No reader needs to be told that Wincase "got his name up" for sharpness, or that the average frontier town would afford him practice enough to grow fat upon. And so it happened that, at thirty-five, Wincase found himself somewhat ahead in the world, and able to devote some reflection to the subject of matrimony.

Men at his age are disposed to be as calculating as an English mother of six darling girls; apt to distrust silk and the wearers of it; and to have a horror of marrying girls with wit enough to manage "the concern." At all events Wincase was meditative, suspicious, and bent on having a wife who could be kept in subjection. Men of his age are apt to overdo all these things; but Wincase felt himself equal to his need, and meant, as he phrased it, "to go in somewhere, anyhow."

The only other fact worth stating before we start is, that Wincase wanted to get as much as possible always, and especially in so big a case as matrimony.

It happened that Plumtreville had a merchant, and that merchant had a daughter. Name, plain Mary Jones; age, twenty-four; character, good, but rather strongly marked; personal charms, few, but well economized; intellect, reputed "moderately fair"

and "so so," but really sharp as a cambric needle.

By a singular coincidence, it happened that Mary Jones made up her mind to marry Mr. Wincase, and Mr. Wincase made up his mind to marry Mary Jones, on the same day and about the same hour. Wincase knew the Western chivalry on the subject of dower, and was sufficiently shrewd to keep his figuring upon Jones' estate to himself. But his best reason for taking Mary into partnership as a silent member was a well-founded belief that Jones had what the frontier called "a good deal of money."

So it happened naturally that when he asked Pa Jones to permit his addresses to the interesting Mary, he took occasion to say that "he was, to be honest, over ears in love with the girl, though he had n't said a word to her, and did not, poor man, know whether he could muster the courage. These matters are — delicate, Mr. Jones, and floor us. You might think me, or some fathers might, after your money. But that, Mr. Jones, is a mere side-issue, and I hope it will not be mentioned." And it was not mentioned.

But Miss Mary had put her cambric needle through Mr. Wincase, and she set about managing the side-issue after her own fashion.

It is time to state that Mr. Jones had no other children, was a widower, and in poor health; all matters upon which Wincase had meditated and collected information. The leading physician had replied to Wincase's regrets that Jones looked so badly, by saying:

"Jones is used up. He has overdrawn his account with life, and must be protested by grim—you know who."

"Soon?"

"In a year, at most."

"Very melancholy business; Jones is a good citizen. We must all come to that, I suppose. Take a drink,

Doctor? I suppose his daughter does not suspect what is coming?"

"Oh, no. She is a simple-minded creature; good-hearted though; makes me vexed to think some scamp will marry her for money, and abuse her because she is ugly and dull. I say, Wincase, why not marry her yourself, and make her comfortable? You've got a heart, and can pity an orphan girl; besides Mary will have a fine property."

"The money, Doctor, is a mere side-issue, and should not be mentioned in marriage. That's a very serious business. But I don't mind telling you that I like Mary in a way that astonishes me. No, thank you, Doctor, no return treat-to-day. I have a case to get up."

He got up his case, and Mary got up hers.

The day after the proposal and blushing acceptance, Mary said to Jones:

"Pa, Mr. Wincase is not marrying me for money, is he?"

"No, dear. What put that into your silly head?"

"You have some property?"

"Yes, and it is all yours. But Wincase said in advance that property was a mere side-issue. It was very thoughtful of him. Hand me my medicine, Mary, I'm worse to-day."

"But, Father, if Mr. Wincase does not want your property, had n't you better give it to the Missionary Society, or, better yet, to found a Plumtreeville Town Library?"

"Why, what's got into the girl's head? I made my money for you, and I'm glad you are to have a good husband to make you happy with it. It takes a load off my mind. The fact is, I shall not live long."

"Well, Pa, I suppose it's time for me to say that I'm afraid, so afraid, that I shall lose you." And she kissed him tenderly.

"Don't cry, Matey. It's all right. There, there, hush up! My nerves are not strong, you know."

After a long silence, she returned to the assault.

"It's queer about this property of yours. Mr. Wincase do n't want it, and you won't give it to a good cause; and yet somehow I can't see how you are to give it to me. Poor Mr. Wincase must have his feelings wounded and my property forced upon him. It's too bad."

"Dog trot the girl! Why, you little fool, it won't hurt his feelings a bit."

"Indeed! Are you sure, father?" And she lifted up such an astonished and bewildered face that Jones was now at last puzzled.

"Of course I know that no man objects to taking twenty thousand dollars, especially when the man is a lawyer."

"Then you think Mr. Wincase will be glad to have my money?"

"Not glad exactly, but willing—perfectly willing."

Then she looked square in his eyes with the cambric needle, and said deliberately:

"I think so too, Pa. If I had not this money, Mr. Wincase would not marry me. Now, Pa, you think I am almost a fool, and you know Mr. Wincase is a liar, what will you do with your property?"

Jones was sick, and only about half-conscious of the meaning of this speech; but he was profoundly impressed nevertheless.

"Queer girl," he muttered, and asked for a glass of water before he replied.

"I don't understand you, Mary," he began, after a long silence.

"You never did understand me, Pa;" and she kissed him again. "You have minded your business, and I have studied about things all by myself. I have seen how some things would be; and I have taken warning by the way some girls fare when they get husbands; and I have a plan."

"Well, Matey, I'm dumbfounded.

Where did you learn to make so long a speech? I'm afraid Wincase don't know you."

"He don't, Father. But I mean that he shall know me and respect me. I've thought a good deal about this matter. My life is at stake, you know. Mr. Wincase is a good sort of man; good enough for me, who am not handsome nor smart in the way women are apt to be. He will make me a good husband if I make him a good wife, and I want to begin right. Everything, it seems to me, depends on that."

"Well, well, this is a pretty business. Of course you'll make him a good wife. You will take care of his house, be good to his friends, and obey your husband, as a good wife always does."

"Let me see, Father, if I understand you. Suppose you die before I do, and I am Mrs. Wincase, will your property be his or mine?"

"Why, girl, it will be his by you."

"You don't understand me. In law, now, would I need to give up any right by signing papers of some kind?"

"Why, I suppose so, especially if the property were to be sold. A wife always has to sign deeds. You would n't understand it, if I told you why."

She smiled a little at that, and cuddled him up, and meditated. At length she renewed the attack:

"Suppose I should refuse to sign any papers giving away my right to Mr. Wincase?"

"You would n't be such a fool, girl. A wife must obey. She would lose the respect of her neighbors if trouble came of refusing to do it."

"Well, Father I shall be just such a fool. I'll never sign any paper giving Mr. Wincase a dollar of my property."

And she lanced him through the eyes with a cambric needle, and made him thoroughly unhappy.

"Why do you marry this man?"

"Because I like him."

"And will not obey him?"

"Is a wife a slave?"

"No. She is a free woman."

"Can she own property?"

"No, not in the same sense that a man owns it. She can bring her husband property, and of course may legally have rights over it. But if she sets up her will, there's an end of marriage."

"Please, Pa, do me a great favor, the greatest possible, and give your property away before I marry, and tell Mr. Wincase that you have done so."

"Oh dear, I am so tired. Let me rest."

He rested; but when he woke up, the subject of the conversation came back to his mind and tormented him. He roused up, as the day went on, out of the lethargy of a wasting disease, and gave to this problem a good deal of the energy with which he had prosecuted his business. He began to see several things and to feel that his daughter had a case.

One night Wincase called. Mary managed to be much in the next room, and the girls must forgive me for saying that she occasionally put her ear to the key-hole; and I don't believe this was a crime, under the circumstances.

Mr. Jones took occasion to say that he was glad to leave his daughter a comfortable fortune.

Mr. Wincase replied on his highest key, on the upper note of bridegroom chivalry, in fact;

"That, Mr. Jones, is a mere side-issue. I am able to support a wife, and I should feel humiliated by any suggestions on the subject. Do not mention it again. Your charming daughter commands my warmest—you understand what I mean, and how difficult it is—in short we cannot express our feelings."

The hypocrite went the length of getting out his handkerchief, and applying it to eyes as dry as drought in August.

"A mere side-issue, Mr. Jones. The merest side-issue in the world. Drop the subject, if you please, forever."

Mr. Jones dropped the subject, in his own way, as follows:

The same evening, he quietly informed Mary that he had thought of her advice, found her a wise girl, and resolved to give his property away.

"Leave me to fix it, and ask no questions."

She asked no questions; but she took observations, and knew every move of the cautious old man whom she was nursing. A rival of Wincase in the law business called to pay his respects, and paid some attention to Jones' affairs by order of Jones. Some papers were made, and the property put into a more compact form; but not even the rival lawyer knew the exact meaning of what went on, except that a certain marriage settlement was, as he afterwards said, "fire-proof and bomb-proof."

Meanwhile Mr. Wincase courted and watched Mary for signs of independence. But the cambric needle was not once visible. One thing made him reflect a little.

"You are over-fond of me, Mr. Wincase. Would you be happy to wake up some day and find me as poor as Mary Jacobs who does our washing?"

"That would make me perfectly happy. I should be clear then of this confounded side-issue. As you love me, Mary, do not mention it again."

The wedding-day came and passed; and Jones, having waited to see it all over, paid his last debt and was gathered to his fathers.

After the funeral, Mr. Wincase spent some days in an uneasy sort of mood, feeling a little delicate about mentioning to his tearful Mary the little side-issue. But after a week of courting her, and stolen search among the papers—chiefly old letters—left by Jones, he mustered courage to ask his wife about the property.

"It may require some attention. There are some forms which you are too charming to bother your head about."

"Must we hunt up poor Pa's estate? It is a mere side-issue, you know."

She did not even smile. Nor did he. He was not even suspicious. He went down to the court-house and looked up the records. To his amazement, Jones did not appear to own anything. Then he remembered that in his most chivalrous mood he had signed a marriage contract, refusing even to look at it. "It was all right, of course." Now he remembered that his rival had been at the house "to pay his respects," and he suspected that "the devil was to pay."

The contract was bomb-proof. Mary could not sign her name to any conveyances without turning the property over to the tender mercies of a library association just organized and "run" by the rival lawyer.

But the worst of all was that Mary owned nothing to convey. A brother of her father in Philadelphia seemed to have come into possession, but even that was not to be found so easily.

Wincase boiled over.

"A pretty trick your father has played us, wife. Do you think I am fool enough to stand such nonsense?"

Then she showed him the cambric needle:

"Please to speak respectfully of my poor dead father. I very much want to respect you, but if you talk so, I shall think you a hypocrite and a liar. You have often said that my property was a mere side-issue, and now you are foaming with rage because you cannot find it. We may as well understand each other right now and here."

She stood bolt upright before him, and looked at him as if she meant business and despatch. It is needless to tell how and how long the battle lasted. It was their first and last tussle. When it was over, she was

sitting on his knee pulling his whiskers gently and saying:

"I am to be wife, and you are to be husband. Pa's money is a side-issue. You will be one head of the family and I shall be the other. That's it, is it not, dear?"

"Yes, Puss, I'm agreed. Anything for peace and happiness. The fact is, I begin to think a shrewd wife is a nice thing to have in the family. But what did the old man do, anyhow?"

"Never mind the side-issue. He would not tell me. But I asked him to give his money away; and yet I think it will turn up."

Hope made Wincase a courtier. At the end of twelve months a check for two thousand dollars came round to Mary, and she divided with him. "Half and half is just right," she said, holding the bills tantalizingly before him, but out of his reach.

"But what will you do with yours?"

"What will *you* do with *yours*?"

"Pay debts, buy wood, get some books, pay the grocery bill."

"And I'll buy two new dresses, a new hat, two pairs of shoes, and a suit of clothes for you. The rest I'll keep for small expenses."

"Sold, by thunder!" exclaimed Wincase; and from that moment he began to love the stupid homely girl whom he had married for a "side-issue."

But he was a very coarse piece of humanity; and after the second annual remittance, he resolved to go to Philadelphia and look up that side-issue. He found an excuse to go to St. Louis, and from there rushed on towards Philadelphia. But a telegraphic despatch arrested him on the way:

"Dear husband, do not go to Philadelphia."

If he had not been a coarse man and bent on a mean errand, Wincase might have been "awfully mad"; as it was, he conceived a great respect for his wife's genius, and obeyed orders.

But his evil genius, or native dirt, got the better of prudence once more; and this time she let him go. When he came back, she kissed him and asked:

"How did you find my friends in Philadelphia?"

"See here, Mary, you're a brick; and your father was another. When the old man fixed up his estate, he administered on my brains. The fact is, the thing is as tight as thunder. You need n't divide any more. I can support my family."

Two episodes finish our story. Ten years after the marriage, a lady said to Mrs. Wincase:

"I used to think your husband a brute—and he was one. You have civilized him. How did you manage it?"

"By making him respect me. I am not smart at all, and not a very fine style of woman. I know my defects well enough. But I got a notion before I married that to make a man respect a woman, thoroughly respect her, is to make a man of him—or at least to make a good husband of him; and I have proved my theory to be true—with dear Pa's help, you know."

"Smart woman, that of yours," said a neighbor to Wincase.

"Yes," said he meditatively. "She is bright enough to manage

the town;" and then he added, after a pause:

"I went in for her money. She found me out, and put the old man up to management. And he fixed it up so that the bigger devil I was the more I could n't help myself. I had to be decent in appearance, and that gave me a start towards real decency. I could n't make by abusing her, or killing her—if I'd been bad enough, and I might have been. Fact, Sir. You don't know how I hated that girl once. I'd rather have married my washerwoman on 'the merits.' But, you see, I could n't kill the goose that laid the golden egg, and she had only to write a letter to Philadelphia to stop remittances and bring an inspector over here to look things up.

"He fooled me so, too," Wincase went on, as if talking to himself. "He gave a thousand dollars to the other lawyer here to get up a town library, and I hunted for twelve months for the rest of his money in *that* little side-issue. And then he got up a marriage contract that made me think she was to come into the estate, and that sent me off on a false scent. I just had to ask Mary or let it alone; and she made a man of me. That's how it is, Squire. I won my case for life on that side-issue, and Mary won hers."

AN EARLY AMERICAN ARTIST.

THE development and growth of a nation's art will be as varied as its literature. Art, indeed, is likely to be more distinctly national than any form of literary expression. Methods of culture that shall be crowned with success among one community, may fail of their legitimate mission when applied to another.

Some nations have borrowed their art expressions from a conquered people; some from a dominant race. The Romans borrowed from Greece. Others, more ingenious, were less dependent, gathering fresh ideas from many sources, and improving all; eliminating and combining with the facility peculiar to genius; and thus organizing a national art, at once catholic in spirit, philosophical, æsthetical, and distinctly its own.

Sometimes a national art is engrafted, as it were, after all the forms of a popular culture have been settled. In some of the nations of Europe art has been accepted and incorporated into the higher institutions of learning, and has been thence diffused among the less favored classes by the example and vigor of the government.

And again, art has been the hand-maid of religion; and the great mass of worshippers have become lovers of art while they remain ignorant of the principles and purposes of art.

There was a time, before our great war of separation, when, like Canada, we had no art and no literature. That struggle, which ripened patriotism, taught us strength and self-reliance, developed the poet, and gave birth to the artist, who would find his expression in marble, or on canvas. The victories that followed suffering gave us themes worthy the genius that might be awakened by the struggle.

It is true, this young nation of the West had a business on hand, at the

close of the war, more important than art or science—for without government neither could exist; and, for the first quarter of a century of our national existence, these did not greatly flourish. But it is not a little remarkable that some of the earliest of American artists—and they go back to colonial times—were born on the soil; and that these artists have produced works that charmed, surprised, and startled the best minds of Europe. These productions have continued to maintain their credit, and in many instances, indeed, their supremacy up to our time.

We may well lay claim to a just pride in the early fame of our artists. In the midst of new modes, new thoughts, and new styles, fresh aspirants for fame sprang forward; nor is it singular that we should be liable to overlook the prior and higher excellence of those who, in the midst of public apathy, have fought the good fight—the Bunker Hill battles for us. While such results may often be looked for in the history of art among a people whose birth and culture were like that of the colonies of the Western Hemisphere, it is to be observed that the American societies were peculiarly prone to do injustice to the merits and honest fame of those who first made art a profession—and made it honorable.

We do not say this as applicable to our times. Thirty years have made great changes with us; in the earlier days undoubtedly it was true. There might be some good reasons given for this tendency to forget the noble labors of the eminent artists of our country, but doubtless such reasons will be anticipated by the intelligent reader. It is partly that we have no great central school of art, such as is seen in the nations of Europe, whose influ-

ence should secure and establish the fame of those bold pioneers of art. Indeed, at that earlier period, the practice of art amid such a community as ours must have sprung from individual, not joint, efforts. We greatly needed, also, the existence of sympathy and a just taste, on which public opinion might rest, to administer a power over the development of a true art.

But we will not forget that in the beginning, in the colonial state, we were represented in Europe by names whose productions, even now, continue to command the admiration of artists and the world. Mr. West was born in Pennsylvania; Allston in South Carolina; Trumbull in Connecticut; Sully, though English by birth, American from boyhood; Leslie the same; Stuart in Rhode Island; Copley in Boston.

Among the most memorable of these names is that of John Trumbull, son of him who was the friend of Washington and the patriotic governor of his native State. None of the older artists of this country have left more lasting monuments of their genius than John Trumbull. His works are not very numerous, but most of his large pictures are to be found in public halls and galleries. This is true, perhaps, to a greater extent of Trumbull's pictures than of those of any other American artist. A passion for art, as in the case of West, Sully, and Copley, came to young Trumbull early. But at that time the fine arts were hardly considered a desirable profession for a man of education. Certainly, art was not deemed to be one of the liberal professions. His father designed him for the pulpit, and, overruling the strong wish of the shy, passionate, but obedient, boy, sent him to Cambridge.

Trumbull mastered his studies in college with great facility; and out of college he found a teacher in French. This tongue he thoroughly mastered, an acquisition that in after years he

found of incalculable advantage to him.

The youthful Trumbull knew that Copley was at this time in the blaze of his early home reputation, and had indeed begged of his father that, instead of remaining at Cambridge, he might become the pupil of this distinguished artist, and thus pursuing the bent of his genius, study art under the master who subsequently in London painted the "Death of Lord Chatham." At all events, before entering college he had made a pilgrimage to the artist's studio in company with a friend. On being introduced, he was somewhat dazzled at the sight of the leading painter of Boston in his coat of velvet, with gilt buttons and flowing lace. Copley happened to be in full costume for a dinner party. But the father of Lord Lyndhurst charmed the boy Trumbull, and we may well believe he made his way to the prison walls of Cambridge with a heavy heart. His pencil was not forgotten at Cambridge, though he was a faithful student, and graduated after a year's stay.

Soon after his return to his home in Lebanon, he painted the "Death of Paulus Emilius at the battle of Cannæ." In this early design he did not venture to invent the figures, but selected them from engravings, and arranged them according to his own fancy. The composition of such pictures, being thus his own, were colored and finished through an intuitive sense of harmony and propriety. The celebrated discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds were delivered in London subsequent to this date, and therefore the recommendation of the accomplished President of the Royal Academy cannot be quoted as giving the young American artist any hints in this direction. It is known that some of the great masters have borrowed for their pictures outline figures from the ancients — either from sculpture or from pictures — and Reynolds does not condemn the practice.

At this period young Trumbull's career in art - study was suddenly brought to a close by the trump of war. His patriot heart was warmed by reports of the repulse given to the British at Lexington.

The country was in a blaze. Young Trumbull hastened to the head-quarters of the army.

It was not long before Trumbull had an opportunity of making himself useful. The Commander-in-chief desired to possess more accurate plans of the enemy's works about Boston. Trumbull, always adventurous, with some risk to life and limb, made his way near enough to the opposing lines to secure a drawing; which act, together with the modest manners of the young adjutant, recommended the artist-soldier to the great chief, and he was immediately appointed one of his aids.

Gen. Gates had been placed in command of a Northern division of the patriot army, and Trumbull, who desired active field duty, was appointed adjutant of that division of the army with the rank of Colonel. The young Colonel proved an active energetic officer, and distinguished himself in this Northern expedition, not only by his gallantry, still more perhaps by his intelligence, his ready judgment, and by his inventive genius. It may be stated in brief that, while connected with this division of the army under Gen. Gates, Col. Trumbull acquitted himself with credit and honor. But it is not thought advisable to trace, with any minute detail, Trumbull's military career. A commission as Brigadier General was sent to him from Congress; but, being dated subsequent to the performance of duties appertaining to the rank, and on some point of etiquette or punctilio, he was persuaded to return the commission, accompanied with a letter to a member of Congress not perhaps quite creditable to the temper and discretion of the young Adjutant of a brigade.

For the rest, with the exception of one serious interruption, Trumbull's life was to be devoted to the fine arts. He regretted the close of his military prospects, as "his mind," to use his language, "at this time was full of lofty military aspirations." Soon after this Northern campaign, he hired a room in Boston—a room already rendered memorable by the name of the patriarch Smybert, who had his studio here. Copley had now gone to Europe to begin that career in art that has reflected so much credit on his native land. Though in time of war, he determined on visiting London with a view of studying painting with his distinguished countryman, Mr. West. A friend of the artist then in Boston, a Mr. Temple, of high connections in England, volunteered to pave the way. Lord Germain assured this gentleman that Col. Trumbull would not be molested if, while in London, he strictly confined himself to the study of art.

Trumbull has given us a list of some sixty pictures of various sizes and sorts that he had painted up to this period, mainly without instruction. Some few of these may be still considered good pictures; some were portraits of friends; some copies after engravings; and some original compositions. In 1780 he embarked for Europe in a French ship of war. He landed at Nantes, a southern port of France. Hastening to Paris, and receiving a letter from Franklin, our then minister, to the good Benjamin West, he passed over to London. But a gentleman like Col. Trumbull, who had been an active participant in the rebellion then in active progress with the mother country, could not hope to escape notice. Next morning indeed, some eager loyalists reported his arrival to the Secretary of State. The reply of that gentleman conveyed a rebuke to these over-zealous Americans. "You are late, gentlemen. Mr. Trumbull arrived at three o'clock yesterday. I knew it at four—my

eye is on him; but I must observe to you that, so long as he shall attend to the object of his visit here, it is not the intention of the government that he shall be interrupted."

The Colonel commenced his studies at once, under the direction of his eminent countryman, afterwards President of the Royal Academy. His first effort was a copy of Mr. West's copy of the "*Madonna Della Sedia*." Mr. West was a warm friend of young artists, and he received Trumbull as a countryman, with unaffected sincerity. Stuart enjoyed his favor, as did Sully and Allston. Trumbull was a rapid worker, and advanced the copy rapidly under the glow of hope and promise. Mr. West soon came in, and after comparing the copy with his own, he very liberally remarked: "Mr. Trumbull, I have no hesitation in saying that nature intended you for a painter. You possess the essential qualities — nothing more is wanting than careful and assiduous study." The young artist, having finished this small copy of the Holy Family to the satisfaction of Mr. West, commenced a more ambitious work in the copy of the *St. Jerome*, a complex composition of great beauty, and a picture that had been copied by Mengs and Annabal Carracci. Trumbull, who had examined the original, considered the copy by Mr. West as far superior to any other he had seen. It is no inferior artist that can make a good copy of a great work of art. Trumbull did not work by squares, but depended on a steady hand and the accuracy of a thoroughly cultivated eye. Mr. West was surprised; and his fellow-students looked on with some amazement.

But in November of this year an event occurred that came near putting an end to the aspirations of our young student in art. The great treason of Arnold occurred in October. The news of this defection speedily reached England. The escape of the unscrupulous traitor to the lines of

the enemy, the capture of Andre, his trial and speedy death, reached London the 15th of November. The unfortunate Andre had been Deputy Adjutant General of the British Army. The verbal assurance of personal safety had been accepted as a safeguard; but it seems he was deceived — grievously mistaken and deluded. Andre could have been saved if Arnold had been given up. Washington desired this, but Sir Henry Clinton would not yield.

Benjamin Thompson, an American Loyalist — a man of genius — originally disposed to act with his countrymen, fell under the suspicions of his neighbors. He was proud, of quick temper, not disposed to yield to wrong; and, conscious of patriotic motives, he was loth to suffer the ignominy of arrest. He therefore passed into the British lines at Boston. He had sailed for England at the beginning of the war. His ability and genius were undoubted. He was well known in after years as Count Rumford. At this time he was Under-Secretary of State, and he immediately gave orders to have Col. Trumbull's person and papers secured. He had held a commission of colonel in the rebel army, and was Acting Adjutant-General of the Northern division of the insurgent forces. If Andre had been seized as a spy and traitor, and had been hung, here was an officer of the same rank, who had rashly trusted his person within our lines. Was not retaliation in war both politic and just? Was it not universally practiced? Such were the thoughts and such the language of British officials. Col. Trumbull was speedily in the hands of a police officer, was taken before a hastily-formed court, and placed before three Police Magistrates for examination. It was a trying situation for a young man; and though cowed a little at first, the resolute Colonel bore himself proudly, and indeed made answers that commanded the respectful consideration

of these functionaries. Trumbull in this emergency very naturally referred to Lord Germain's pledge. But a note to that official was now too late to arrest the natural course of the law. He could indeed have prevented the arrest, but could not take a prisoner out of the hands of justice.

The public mind in Europe was deeply moved, and in England, exasperated by the untimely death of the brave Andre; and there was undoubtedly a strong pressure on the government to make the life of Trumbull a sacrificial offering in expiation of the wrong inflicted on Sir Henry Clinton's Adjutant-General. The resolute artist bore up against his bad fortune with becoming spirit. He did not intermit his studies; but, making a friend of the jailor, put his prison room in order for a studio, got the "Correggio" from Mr. West, and finally finished the copy already well advanced, within the walls of his prison.

Col. Trumbull was held a prisoner for seven months, but it must not be supposed that his friends deserted him; on the contrary, they were numerous, active and powerful. Charles J. Fox called on him. Hon. John Lee and Mr. Edmund Burke came to see and converse with him. They all offered assistance, and took prompt measures to negotiate his release. These friends finally obtained an order from the council by which he should vacate his prison and leave the kingdom within thirty days, and not to return till after the peace. In the meantime his artist friends had been active. Mr. West had called and had an interview with the King, receiving a pledge from his majesty that, in all events, Trumbull's life should be spared. Mr. West and Mr. Copley became his sureties, and he went out of his confinement rejoicing. Trumbull lost no time in complying with the conditions of his enlargement, and returned to America.

He had been from home ten years.

It was now near the close of the war. The young artist returned to his father's house. He paid his respects to his friend, Gen. Washington, then at New Windsor, on the Hudson, remaining there through the winter, somewhat unsettled as to his future.

His father, Governor Trumbull, wished him to study law, but the Colonel could not give up the arts. His father thought the law opened to him a field of honor and emolument. The Colonel thought the arts led to honor and glory. In fact, he made out an elaborate argument to sustain his views, and appealed to Athens and other republics of olden times. The Governor complimented him on the lawyer-like management of his case. The old gentleman was somewhat nettled, and closed the interview with the remark that "Connecticut was not Athens."

The Colonel decided for the arts; and so started again for London, to join his friend Benjamin West. He took a letter to Mr. Burke from the governor, in which the gratitude of a father for kindness shown a son when in prison was warmly expressed. This voyage was not long. The youthful artist was kindly received by the great statesman, Edmund Burke. Burke had befriended the eccentric and sturdy Barry through many years of art-struggles. He was the intimate friend and associate of Reynolds. Trumbull he advised to study architecture in reference to the prospective requirements of a new country, and the artist lived to regret not following his advice. But Trumbull set up his easel, and commenced the study of painting with a new-born ardor, and apparently under favorable auspices. His mind had now more matured, and his plans he thought more fixed. In the evening he studied at the Academy, and sat by the side of young Lawrence, a youth not less zealous in art, afterwards the accomplished President of the Royal Academy, and the most finished portrait painter,

perhaps, of his age. A portrait of his friend, Colonel Wadsworth, was painted at this time by the new candidate. It was taken to Sir Joshua Reynolds, the President of the Royal Academy, for his opinion. Reynolds criticised it sharply, and pronounced the grey coat to "look like *bent* tin, not cloth." This blunt way hurt the artist's feelings, and he withdrew chagrined and in silence.

Sharp criticism will rouse a man of real genius, and so it did here.

It was at this time that he began seriously to contemplate a series of historical and national compositions to illustrate the great events of the war. It was the good fortune of Trumbull to have been associated early with some of the most distinguished characters of our great revolution; and in London his gentlemanly bearing, his military experience, and his undoubted high genius in art, brought him in close and pleasant relation with men of distinction. He was now advancing with the picture of the Battle of Bunker Hill. "Trumbull," said his friend, Mr. West, one day, "you will dine with me to-morrow. I shall have some brother artists, and I wish you to be of the party." Among the guests was Sir Joshua Reynolds, and when the President entered the painting room, he advanced at once to the battle piece, still unfinished, and on the easel. "Mr. West, what have you got here? This is better colored than your works generally." "You mistake," replied Mr. West, "that is not mine. It is the work of this young gentleman, Mr. Trumbull. Permit me to introduce him to you." Sir Joshua remembered the "bent tin" criticism of the coat; and so it may be presumed that the account was fairly settled between them.

Col. Trumbull was now advancing his two battle pieces, "The Death of General Warren at Bunker's Hill," and "Montgomery before Quebec." Mr. West, always generous and liberal

to American artists, now advised Trumbull to have his pictures engraved in the highest style of the engraver's art. In this he was encouraged by Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson, and other friends closely associated with the fine arts. Accordingly his two pictures were taken to Paris. Mr. Jefferson admired them, and as our minister there, could aid Trumbull, who was invited to remain at his house. All the artists of distinction in the French capital desired to do him honor. Cosway, with his beautiful wife, was there, painting the Duke of Orleans and family. David was his warm friend. His close relation to Mr. Jefferson now naturally led him to the subject of the Declaration of Independence, and he commenced this famous picture at his house in Paris. His visit and stay in the French capital was quite a triumph; but he soon returned to London to resume his art labors. He advanced the "Declaration," and commenced the "Surrender of Cornwallis," and made some progress with the "Battle of Trenton."

Mr. Poggi, an Italian gentleman, and his intelligent engraver, told Trumbull the story of the sortie from Gibraltar, which occurred in 1781. The artist was much struck with the subject, and immediately made a sketch of a design. He transferred this sketch to a canvas twenty by thirty inches in size, and finished it carefully. Sir Thomas Baring bought it, and paid the artist five hundred guineas—a liberal price even in England. Trumbull had before painted the same subject still smaller, nineteen by twenty inches, highly finished, and presented it to his friend and admirer, Mr. West. It was to mark his sense of kindness and parental instruction. But even the last and large size did not suit him, and he now commenced a much larger one of the same subject, six feet by nine. All the prominent figures are portraits. The Spanish hero is an exquisite representation of

Death, or immediate dissolution, nor has the artist been afraid to adopt, to some extent, the attitude of the classical figure of the "Dying Gladiator." But there is no servile copying; the figure itself is modelled carefully from that of his fellow-student and friend, Thomas Lawrence—afterwards Sir Thomas—and the various sketches and studies he made for this purpose are carefully preserved in a large portfolio by the noble institution of Boston that owns the finished picture.

The "Sortie" had now the advantage of size. It was in commemoration of the bravery of English soldiers, and might be rather more welcome to the London public than those American subjects which had heretofore occupied his pencil. These last had narrowed the circle of Trumbull's active friends and admirers, for the English people were still sensitive on their defeats and losses in America. It was natural this should be so. Nevertheless, his picture was greatly praised, and crowds of military men pressed around it to admire and applaud. The artist was offered for the picture \$6,000, which he thought proper to decline. It was purchased subsequently by the Boston Athenæum—perhaps for a less sum—to whom it now belongs. It is doubtless one of its most precious treasures. Perhaps there is no one of Trumbull's pictures that displays his genius to better advantage than this. I would class his "Death of General Montgomery before Quebec" as next to it for fine action and pathetic expression. Lord Oxford declared "that he regarded it as the finest picture he had ever seen painted on the northern side of the Alps."

In 1789 Trumbull passed over to Paris, and on that visit painted the portrait of Mr. Jefferson at his house; as also the French officers in the picture of the "Surrender of Cornwallis." In the small picture first painted, now in New Haven, these portraits can be seen. Trumbull indeed prided

himself on heads of this size, and he considered these as among the most happy of his efforts. In the same year, while yet in Paris, just before leaving for home, he was invited to breakfast with the patriot Lafayette. It was on the eve of the dreadful revolution in France, which at first held out such bright promises to the world, but so soon deepened into the gloom and blackness of night. The good Marquis seemed to have had a prophetic vision of the dire future; and he entrusted his thoughts to his guest to convey them to his old friend in arms—President Washington. It was too dangerous to commit these to paper, and Trumbull's faithful memory was true to its trust. At this time Jefferson was so favorably impressed with the ability of Col. Trumbull that he desired to attach him to the French Embassy. But the offer was declined. The artist desired to come home. He desired to appeal to the taste and patriotism of his countrymen in behalf of the engravings for the series of national paintings which he had already commenced. Two of these, "The Bunker Hill Battle," and that of "Montgomery's Death," were now complete. He reached home soon after the new government had been inaugurated with Gen. Washington as President.

Trumbull continued now for some years prosecuting his studies in art, advancing his compositions that were to illustrate the most memorable scenes of the Revolution. He was the only distinguished artist then in this country, especially in history and historical portraits. He travelled through the different cities and towns, north and south, to obtain accurate likenesses of the actors in the Revolution.

In 1792 he painted a full length portrait of Washington, at Philadelphia, which he considered the best portrait in his heroic military character ever painted. This is now in New Haven. The city of Charleston

wanted a portrait of the Father of his country. Trumbull, receiving the commission, labored on this picture with great satisfaction.

It represents him on the evening before the battle of Trenton. The artist was proud of his performance. Washington approved it; but it did not meet the views of the Charlestonians; so, by the advice of Washington, he kept it for himself. Subsequently, it was presented to Yale College by some of its members. He painted another, more calm and more to the liking of the committee who represented the Palmetto State.

When Chief-Justice Jay was appointed Envoy Extraordinary by the President, as a last friendly resort to retain peace with Great Britain, Mr Jay offered Col. Trumbull the honorable position of Secretary to the Embassy, which was accepted. Before he left for England, his advice had been sought in regard to the public buildings of the future capital, and Col. Trumbull now remembered the advice of Edmund Burke, whose wisdom on almost every subject within the range of human speculation continues even now to be a marvel to those who ponder his thoughts. He deeply regretted he had not studied architecture. The district of Columbia had at this time been selected as the future home of the infant government.

The negotiations with Great Britain and the complete success of "Jay's Treaty," are a part of the history of those early times, and need not be enlarged upon here. As Secretary to the Embassy, Trumbull had acquitted himself of his easy duties with honor.

At the close of his official engagements, he passed over to Paris, and at the request of Mr. Jay, called on Mr. Monroe, our then minister to France, with the view of imparting to him the substance of the treaty just consummated; but subject to the condition that on no account was he to communicate the same to the French government. It is known that Mr.

Monroe, a warm friend of Jefferson, represented the Democratic American sympathy for revolutionary France; and this Minister declined to receive the communication, as he had already promised the French Minister to communicate everything relating to the treaty as it progressed. It was a perilous moment to be in Paris, especially for one who, it might be supposed, was in friendly relations with England; but Trumbull's best shield was an open, manly conduct, and this was natural to him.

In 1796, commissioners had been appointed by the two governments to carry into execution the ninth article of Jay's Treaty. The commissioners, four in number, met in London, and on consultation, selected Col. Trumbull as the fifth, under the treaty. It was entirely unsought for, but assuredly a most responsible and important, position, and in every way honorable to the artist.

Müller, the artist, now wrote him from Stuttgart that the engraving of the Bunker Hill picture was completed, and awaited his final criticism; so the artist again passed over to the Continent. But Paris was an unsafe place; all France was in a ferment; Talleyrand was at the head of affairs. From Calais, Col. Trumbull wrote to the minister, enclosing letters from Mr. King, our minister at the Court of St. James. But, though Talleyrand had enjoyed the hospitality of his father, Gov. Trumbull, of Connecticut, the artist received no encouragement from this astute statesman; so he abandoned the hope of seeing Paris at this time, and took a vessel for Rotterdam, where he obtained a passport, and soon reached Stuttgart. He found the plate of the battle piece most admirably executed, which greatly delighted him.

From this, he could not return save by a passport from Paris. He was in a dilemma; but, taking his fine picture with him, he boldly set out for the French capital. Here the

artist *diplomat* was but too well known; and very naturally he was suspected to be in the English interests—perhaps an emissary in pay of that government. He found his footsteps so vigilantly watched that he could find no friend among the officials. Talleyrand was cold, if not absolutely inimical—perhaps the artist would be imprisoned. The government had no scruples—he might not be able to get out of France—he might be seized as a spy. What should he do? At last he remembered his friend David, the great painter. He rushed to his room, and was warmly received by the sanguinary patriot. Trumbull unbosomed himself; told him his troubles. David inquired about his fine picture of the Bunker Hill battle, which he had once seen. "I do not know the Minister, but I know his Secretary," said David, "which will do as well." "Bring that picture with you; it is worth many passports."

The two friends went together; David entered the room boldly, as though he had a right there. He introduced the "citizen" Trumbull. "I have known him these ten years; he is an American citizen, and he opposed the English in the late war; I will answer for him. 'Je vous en repends; il est bon revolutionnaire tout comme nous autres.' He saw the battle of Bunker Hill, and has painted a fine picture of it. Here it is. He is a great artist, and it is wrong to interrupt him in his art-occupations." This was sufficient; the Secretary admired the picture, and took him into an adjoining room to introduce him to Talleyrand, who received him graciously, praised the picture, granted a passport, with a playful threat to retain so distinguished an artist in the service of the Republic!

In April, 1839, Trumbull turned face once more homeward. He landed at New York, and soon afterwards had the pleasure of meeting many of his old friends at a gathering of the members of the "Cincinnati Society,"

of which he was a member. On that occasion he met Colonel Burr and General Hamilton. He knew them both, and was struck with some singularities of manner at the dinner table. Colonel Burr was gloomy and morose; Hamilton was gay and convivial, and volunteered an old military song to his compatriots in army.

Trumbull's intention at this time was to settle in Boston as a painter of portraits. But Stuart, who had many friends and a high reputation, had already accepted an invitation to settle there. So, after visiting his family in Connecticut, he returned to New York City and opened at once his studio. He was immediately employed by the city government to paint a full length portrait of John Jay and of General Hamilton. He had formerly painted General Washington and George Clinton, and they both hang at present in the Common Council room. He was now full of business; his success was certain; his social position made his residence in the city agreeable.

He paid a visit to Baltimore. Judge Nicholson was a warm friend, and Congress was now in session. The Judge urged the artist to go on to Washington,—to carry with him his studies and small compositions for the great national paintings which he had so long contemplated, and to press his claims on Congress. Judge Nicholson with unselfish friendship went with him. Timothy Pitkin took an active interest. Some of the studies were put up in the hall of the House. John Randolph then spoke warmly of the plan to have them painted at the expense of the nation. The result of his visit was that a resolution passed both houses of Congress, giving the President authority to engage Colonel Trumbull to paint four pictures that should commemorate the most important events of the American Revolution, to be placed when finished in the Capitol of the nation. The choice of the subject and

the size of each painting was left to the President to determine. The history of these paintings, being the first ever ordered by the national government, will ever be interesting to an American citizen, even if their merits were far less decided than they claim to be. Since then, perhaps, none better have been sanctioned by the government at more liberal prices. Four pictures were ordered at the stipulated price of eight thousand dollars a piece.

At the first consultation with Mr. Madison, Colonel Trumbull proposed a canvas six feet by nine, which would give the figures about half the size of life. But he was at once overruled by the President. "Consider, Sir," said he, "the vast size of the apartment in which these works are to be placed, the rotunda, one hundred feet in diameter and the same in height. Figures half the size of life would be lost in this expanse. They could possess no force nor dignity. They must be the full size of life." And so it was wisely decided. Next, as to the subjects to be selected for the four pictures; Madison thought the "Bunker Hill Battle" should be first and foremost. But the artist reasoned otherwise. To be sure if the order had been for eight pictures, the first serious battle of the revolution would take precedence. But being limited to four, this battle piece would have to be excluded. In the course of the war we had made prisoners of two entire armies—a circumstance he thought unparalleled in history,—the surrender of General Burgoyne, and that of Lord Cornwallis. These two subjects would seem to be indispensable, and these were both battle pieces. There would be only two more, and these the artist thought should be of a civil and pacific nature, to balance, as it were, the two first. "And what shall these be," said Mr. Madison. "The Declaration of Independence for one." "And what for the other?" Trumbull re-

plied: "The resignation of the Commander's commission to Congress, at the close of the war, was a lesson read to the world of such momentary importance that this event cannot be omitted." To this the President assented, and so it was settled. Articles of agreement were made out between Colonel Trumbull and the Secretary of State, Mr. Bush, in accordance with the act of Congress. The canvas was to be eighteen feet by twelve, and the figures the size of life.

The artist had now a noble work on his hands, of a national character, such as he had long desired; and he devoted his days and nights to their study. He applied himself with zeal and enthusiasm. The four pictures were finally completed in 1824, at a time most pleasant to the artist, when his friend John Quincy Adams was Secretary of State. About seven years had been occupied in their execution. In the interval he had received payments from time to time in accordance with the agreement made with the government.

But up to 1828, though he had paid off his debts, he was left poor. He was now seventy-two years old. He had recently lost his wife, to whom he was fondly attached; he was now an old man; the world was receding from him. He had no longer the ambition that once animated his thoughts and nerved his hand. Still, he was in health, and felt from time to time the strong passion of early days, his ardent soul impelling him forward to future triumphs—to do something still more glorious than anything yet accomplished. Like Mr. West in his waning years, like Romney, like Haydon, as his ability to do less became manifest, his imagination seemed to leap away from the frail tenement. The artist's eye grew bright, and the noble spirit within impelled him to fresh efforts; to make out designs for new labors; to sketch in figures; to examine pictures long since painted; to touch

and retouch; and to resolve on future compositions. But alas! the end of all his earthly labors was at hand. Trumbull was rapidly approaching that period when the "almond tree shall flourish, when desire shall fail, and the daughters of music shall be brought low." The infirmities of age cannot be repaired — cannot be postponed or ignored. He had paid off heavy indebtedness, as he was honest, but now he was in want.

His income had diminished to a pittance. He was reduced indeed to sell bits of furniture, and pieces of plate to meet his daily expenses! The writer of this is almost ashamed to make this statement. He is humiliated to feel that this becomes history. But it is true, as Colonel Trumbull has put it on record. He had long associated with the best educated and most distinguished men of this country and in Europe, and he was in every way a peer of the best. That the artist in his old age should have been neglected by the rich and influential of the great city of New York, is a stain and a discredit little in accordance with the spirit that she aspires to maintain.

When this accomplished artist was at last relieved in a measure from such humiliation, it was by an early friend, Mr Alfred Smith, of Hartford, Connecticut. Let his name be honored. For it was through him that the artist found, for the few years left of his eventful life, an honorable retreat and a modest competence.

At the suggestion of this friend, Trumbull's pictures, of which he possessed many, were accepted by the Faculty of Yale College as a gift, on certain liberal conditions. Among these conditions was the regular payment of one thousand dollars per annum during his life time. It was this, a really noble benefaction to the college, that relieved him from absolute want during the few years that remained to him. His career had been bright and honorable. He was

a great artist, and he was proud of his art. Let artists cherish his name, and let them, as they may, study the vigor and variety of his compositions; the admirable drawing; the fine action and deep pathos that animate and ennoble many single figures and groups of his historical paintings.

At the beginning of the century an association had been formed in the city of New York for the promotion of the fine arts, of which Chancellor Livingston and De Witt Clinton had been Presidents. From this nucleus sprang the old "Academy of Fine Arts." The founding of the Philadelphia Academy of Art was subsequent to this; and the Boston Athenæum dates from 1804 or thereabouts. At this time 1816, Col. Trumbull was elected President. The Directory of the old Academy comprised some of the most distinguished residents of the city, and it was through their liberality that a full length portrait of Benjamin West, long President of the Royal Academy, London, was ordered and secured to the American Academy. A subscription of two thousand dollars gave us one of Lawrence's admirable works. This was mainly promoted by Col. Trumbull, and it long embellished the rooms of the Academy. It was indeed a beautiful portrait of that accomplished artist, and the writer well remembers it.

Soon after the organization of the National Academy of Design, with Samuel F. B. Morse as its President, the old Academy was dissolved. Col. Trumbull continued to labor with his pencil, as long as life or strength remained. Full of years and full of honors, but somewhat darkened by poverty, Trumbull's life closed on the 10th of November, 1843. He died in the city of New York. His remains were taken to New Haven and placed in a tomb, underneath the noble monument that contains his works, and which commemorates his name, his liberality, and his genius.

The writer of this paper had the

pleasure of meeting Col. Trumbull in New York a few years before his decease. A letter of introduction from the late Samuel Miles Hopkins, of Geneva, N. Y., was the ready means of enabling a youthful enthusiast, just beginning in art, to pay his respects to the American Nestor of historical painters, which term he believes may with propriety be applied to Col. Trumbull. The veteran artist was found in his studio in Barclay Street, a few doors from Broadway, perhaps now swallowed up by the Astor House.

It was a warm summer day. A flight of stairs led to the sanctum. A tap on the door, sufficiently timid, doubtless, received the welcome "Come in." At the bottom of a large canvas, eight or ten feet high, was seated an old gentleman dressed in light summer clothes, a broad-brimmed straw hat resting on his venerable head. His palette in one hand, the other was occupied in glazing the lower part of the large picture. His hair was white and beautiful, and flowed gracefully on his shoulders. These observations were rapidly made by the bashful student, who then approached Col. Trumbull. Some complimentary remarks from his visitor awakened an interest, and the old gentleman then rose from his seat, with palette on his arm, and turning to the speaker, said: "You are an artist, Sir." So small was the pretense of being such on the part of the young man that the emphatic language of the old gentleman sounded almost like an imputation of guilt.

Col. Trumbull was touching, perhaps altering, a picture which had been some time painted. He called it "Joshua at the Battle of Ai," accompanied by Death. It seemed then, to a student, to possess great force and character. The youthful figure of Joshua and the terrific shadow of

Death have left lasting impressions on his mind.

The design had been made some fifty years before, in the past century. It embodied a passage from Dr. Dwight's "Conquest of Canaan." He went to a closet and brought out an old darkened fly-leaf of some volume, with a quotation from that heroic poem written on one side;—on the other, the first sketch or design of this very picture, faintly done in pen and pencil. These are the lines:

"On the pale rear tremendous Joshua hung;
Their gloomy knell his voice terrific rung;
From gloomy eyeballs flashed his wrath severe,
Grim Death beside him hurled his fatal spear."

Perhaps the recent exhibition of Mr. West's picture of "Death on the Pale Horse" in this country, had awakened Trumbull to the value of this early design—perhaps a desire to show his strength in such subjects had nerved him to retouch and improve the work.

Col. Trumbull entered at once into conversation on the subject of art. He spoke freely of his own labors. His language was strong, but polished and keen; his manners were what you would expect in a perfect gentleman—high-bred, of the olden time, and of the borrowed pattern. The eccentric John Randolph had recently attacked the picture that hung in the rotunda at Washington. In his place as Senator, an old friend of Col. Trumbull's too, he had used gross and unfriendly language. The artist felt this keenly, and he mentioned it with some bitterness; but with the dignity and forbearance that became a man of honor and genius, he remarked that the day would come when Americans would vindicate his name from unmanly aspersions, and his works from careless or ignorant criticism.

ALVAN BRADISH.

A PAPER ON QUEENSLAND.

THIS youngest of the British settlements in that quarter of the globe, lies in the northeastern portion of the Australian continent. Until the close of the year 1859 it was united with New South Wales, but is now an independent colony, bounded on the east by the Pacific Ocean, on the north by the Indian Archipelago, on the west by the eastern boundary of South Australia (in 138° E. L.), and on the south by New South Wales (in $28^{\circ} 8'$ S. L.). The total area of Queensland is about 678,000 square miles, or 433,820,000 acres—nearly four times the size of France, and twelve times that of England with Wales. At the date of its separation the colony had a population of 25,000 souls; in December, 1867, it numbered considerably more than 100,000. The revenue increased within the same space of time from £178,000 to £670,000, the imports from £742,000 to £1,731,000, and the exports from £523,000 to £2,160,340.

The most advanced in an agricultural point of view are the southern districts. Hard labor and iron perseverance have there raised up thriving cities in every part, where shrewd, active, and industrious people are engaged from the early morning until late into the night in utilizing the rich products of the soil—wool, cotton, tallow, hides, and oil—which are sent off by the ship-load. In the more distant western and northern districts the so-called squatters, those pioneers of civilization, penetrate daily farther into the wilderness.

The colony extends along the coast at a width of from 50 to 60 miles, and is especially adapted to the cultivation of sugar, cotton, coffee, etc.; rich gold mines have also been discovered in nearly all parts. Parallel with the coast line, at a distance of from 60 to

70 miles, runs the "Dividing Ridge," ranging between 3,000 and 4,000 feet in altitude. On the western side of the range many spurs run in a variety of directions, and numerous brooks and streams empty into the western plains. The latter are only sparsely timbered, but yield an abundance of excellent fodder. The sea-side, the region to the east of the range, is hilly and broken, partially covered with thick forest and luxuriant grasses. Of the numerous streams many are navigable far inland, and, on the Brisbane river, ships drawing from 15 to 16 feet water can sail directly to the city of the same name, from which point steamers ascend 50 miles higher.

The journey on the Brisbane river to Brisbane City is very interesting, and abounds in picturesque scenery. The mansions and villas of the rich, the wooden houses of the farmers, the gardens with rose, pine-apple, orange, lemon, banana, and other trees, the graceful bamboo, the stretches of splendid prairie grass twenty feet high, are succeeded by rocky grottos, overgrown with rare flowers and herbs, or with groves of tall trees whose trunks are so festooned with parasites that they often form an impenetrable wall. Sailing craft of every size and build, miniature steamers with their wheels at the stern, two-storied passenger boats like our western packets, continually pass by, and hundreds of white cockatoos rise screaming from the neighboring corn-fields. Brisbane City is a thriving, bustling commercial place, with wide, handsome streets, stately edifices and gardens, fine large stores, hotels, taverns, a Parliament House, barracks, hospitals, a botanic garden, and any number of churches for Anglicans, Scotch, Catholics, and Protestants. A stone bridge and two ferries lead to South Brisbane. Hacks,

omnibuses, drays, laden with wool, cotton, and other products of the soil, enliven the public thoroughfares. The many horsemen who gallop recklessly through the streets are a peculiar feature of Brisbane life. Telegraph messengers, butchers, gardeners, rich and poor, all are mounted; the children from the suburbs and vicinity come to school on their ponies; clergymen go to church on horseback; and even funerals are attended by mounted mourners. The population of the city is largely German, and we meet them in every store, hotel, office, and saloon. The fruit and vegetable trade seems entirely monopolized by this thrifty people. Seven miles from the city is a large German village. The public schools are excellent. Moreton district, in which Brisbane is situated, has a population of 38,000 souls.

Moreton Bay is formed by three islands which run parallel with the coast. The bay is about 60 miles in length and 20 miles in width, and affords a safe anchorage to those ships which draw too much water to enter the Brisbane river. A steamer plies regularly between Brisbane and Ipswich, a town on the Bremer, a tributary to the Brisbane river, which is about 50 miles distant by water, but only 25 miles by land. Ipswich contains 7,000 inhabitants, of whom a large part are Germans. Here begins the railroad which goes to Darling Downs, Toowoomba, Dalby, etc., and over which the wool, cotton, etc., are brought from the interior, to be forwarded from Ipswich by water.

Darling Downs district is separated from Moreton district by the "Dividing Ridge" mentioned above. The Cendamine and its tributaries supply it so abundantly with water that this district has the reputation of being the most fertile in the whole colony. Wheat, maize, barley, potatoes, and all kinds of vegetables, grow there with unusual vigor, and its larger towns—Warwick, Toowoomba, and Dalby—

can be reached by rail and steamer within nine hours. The Darling Downs district is 120 miles long and 50 wide.

To the north of Moreton lies Burnett, or Wide Bay, which contains very choice pasture land, and the celebrated gold fields of Gympie. Maryborough, on the Mary river, is its port. In Burnett and Port Curtis the agriculture partakes more of a tropical character, producing sugar, cotton, ginger, etc. Port Curtis, which lies north, has for its capital Northampton, a town on the Fitzroy river, with some 6,000 inhabitants. It is the largest place in the north, and the centre of the Peak Downs' gold trade. The northern railway runs from Northampton to Westwood: the city of Gladstone has a harbor capable of accommodating the largest vessels. Maranoa is a very large district, extending westerly of Darling Downs, mostly level and rich in vegetation. Leichhardt, named after the great German explorer, is west of Port Curtis, and abounds in water and pasturage. In this district is the Peak Downs gold field, famed for its gold, silver, and copper wealth. Kennedy lies to the north of Port Curtis, and was not settled prior to 1861. It is also rich in pastures and bountifully supplied with water by the Burdekin and its tributaries. Bowen is the capital of this district. Port Denison, with a population of 2,000, has the finest harbor in Australia, and is regularly connected by steam with Rockhampton, Brisbane, Sydney, etc. Michel, Warrego, Gregory, and Cook, have all been recently proclaimed districts, but are none the less covered with the sheep and cattle of the squatters. A city, Burktown, has been founded on the mouth of the Albert river in the Gulf of Carpentaria, and another settlement has sprung up at the mouth of the "Norman."

As Australia is situated in the antipodes, the seasons are exactly the opposite of ours. July is the middle of

winter, and January is summer. Christmas and New Year's are not observed with shut doors and windows by the domestic fireside: the temperature would quickly melt the tapers on the Christmas tree. The warm winds come from the north, the cold ones from the south. The climate of Queensland is the best in Australia, and resembles that of Madeira. The mean temperature is $68^{\circ} 7'$; that of Funchal, Madeira, is $68^{\circ} 5'$ Fahrenheit. The winters, when dry (which is the rule), are very pleasant: the days are comfortably warm, the nights just cool enough to make a fire comfortable. The sky is of a splendid azure, and the atmosphere singularly clear and transparent.

The products of the soil are sheep's wool, cotton, and sugar; metals, hides, horns, bones, maize, barley, vegetables, fruit, and wine. The sheep's wool stood first, until cotton and sugar began to compete for precedence with it. The government encourages sheep breeding most liberally, and grants for a merely nominal rent territories larger than some European kingdoms as pastures. The owners of these sheep are the true pioneers of the wilderness. They penetrate the unknown solitudes boldly, often at considerable risk, and suffer severe losses in looking about for new locations. They occupy their lands but temporarily, and have to surrender them when needed for farming purposes. All they are entitled to is twelve months' notice from the government, which makes them compensation for all improvements and buildings. There is no danger from wild beasts, and the natives, if well treated, are usually as harmless as the timid kangaroos.

In addition to the sheep there are herds of cattle and horses. The high dry grounds, on which the grass is neither too abundant nor luscious, are particularly adapted for the sheep; while the lower, swampy grounds are best for the cattle. The sheep are

generally in flocks of 500 or 600 head, but on the large plains, they often number from 2,000 to 3,000 head. The shepherds have their own pieces of ground and separate huts: the so-called hut-keepers, who are also obliged to stand guard on alternate nights, cook their meals.

The cotton raised in Queensland ranks No. 1 in the English market. By importing their hands from the New Hebrides, the Sandwich, and other South Sea islands, the colonial planters have greatly the advantage of all others in the cheapness of their labor. Content with the simplest food, accustomed to the heat, the South Sea islanders, when well treated, are the most skilful, willing, and best laborers on a plantation. The contracts between them and their employers are usually made for a period of three years; the pay is £6 a year, with board and clothes, the latter of which consist of a pair of linen pataloons and a flannel shirt. It would be difficult to find a more finely-formed or a more handsome set of men than these islanders, whose color ranges from a deep-blue black to copper-red. Many objections have been made against this system. Its bitterest opponents were the traders and saloon-keepers; for these colored men would spend their money with neither of them, but save it up to buy useful articles to carry home when their time expired. As the white laborers expect not only from five to seven times more beer, irrespective of better food and clothes, but are unable to endure the heat, their employment in the cotton fields would be too expensive, if not actually impracticable.

Maize is extensively cultivated, and serves in the form of *polenta* as food for the hands, and uncrushed, as fodder for the horses, hogs, and poultry. The fruit and vegetables raised in the colony are very superior in quality. Their cultivation and trade are almost entirely in the hands of the Germans and a few Chinese. Pears, apples,

cherries, all the northern fruits grow there, only they have a more delicate flavor. Particularly fine are the pine-apples and bananas grown in Queensland, the former quenching the thirst almost instantaneously when all other means have failed. The melons, which are found wild, are equally delicious. The sweet potato, the Spanish pepper, and the *ricinus africanus sanguineus* also grow wild in the bush.

From the neighboring colony of New South Wales the grape has made its way to Queensland, where it is very successfully cultivated by the Württembergers and Badenens, who make money by it. There is, however, a great want of skilful cultivators, and this branch of agriculture is, consequently, still in its infancy.

The pursuit after gold is there, as nearly everywhere else, a lottery. The man who commands capital to blast the rock, and can afford to mine scientifically with machinery, will often succeed and become rich. But the man who goes to work with pick, shovel, and a pan, has a hard life. He may extract sufficient gold from the soil to pay for his tools, food, and clothes, but he rarely manages to save more than a small surplus to take him to another locality, or to enable him to forget the months of privation and toil in a few happy weeks. A lucky few may win in a short time, occasionally in a single day, enough to last them all life, but such windfalls are exceedingly rare. The style of living at the gold diggings is very fast. Nearly all nations are represented there. Hotels at which the most expensive dishes and beverages can be obtained, the gambling places, and pretty women, quickly relieve the pleasure-loving digger of his hard-earned mammon. Yet, with all this, perfect security prevails in these localities, where the gold hunter leaves his tent unguarded while he goes to work. Judge Lynch understands no joke, and the bare suspicion

of theft suffices to hang a man in five minutes.

In the beginning of the present year a number of gold hunters left Queensland for South Africa, where report says that they have been greatly disappointed. The gold was there not only scarce, but some 700 miles back from the coast. There being no roads to the Eldorado, the transportation of tools, provisions, etc., was naturally very difficult and expensive; in addition to these drawbacks the natives are a treacherous race, and by no means so peaceably disposed as Dr. Livingstone would make us believe.

The most prolific diggings and gold mines in Queensland are on the banks of the Mary river. The coal and copper mines yield a handsome profit, and with the former a brisk trade is driven, *via* the eastern ports, with India and China.

The aborigines occupy a very low stage of mental development, and are the most indolent race in the world; it is only in rare and isolated cases that one of them can be induced to work. They lounge about in the bush and the settlements, either begging or selling fish, the latter merely to get the wherewith to buy liquor. Most of them are passive, and only become aggressive when very ill treated. Each tribe has its King, who is as lazy and as fond of begging as any of his subjects. At Brisbane rules King "Tidy," who struts about with a tin plate, inscribed with his name and rank, fastened to his chest. The males cannot be called homely, but the females, called "gins," are really hideous. The constant intoxication of these graces, their utter want of modesty, their awkward motions, stupid looks, incredible laziness and uncleanness, place these members of the gentler sex even below the brute creation.

The arms used by the aborigines are the boomerang, the club, the lance, and occasionally, bows and arrows. The boomerang is a most curious

weapon, and its inventor might rank among the first mechanics in the world. It is made of iron bark, or iron wood, bow shaped, quarter of an inch in thickness and about three fingers in width, somewhat pointed at the ends, which are about two feet apart. Vertically seen, the two ends cross. The natives possess an almost fabulous skill in throwing the boomerang, and think nothing of killing a bird on the wing at a distance of 125 yards. If they miss their aim, or if they throw the boomerang only into the air, it returns to their feet. They will place themselves at the corner of a detached house, and throw the boomerang horizontally round it so that it falls again at their feet; or they will throw it from some elevated point downward and catch the returning weapon in the hand. No European is said ever to have equalled, or even approximated, the skill of the native. The force of the weapon which revolves on its own axis may best be imagined from the fact that it will pass through a horse or any one.

On the remotest frontier and in the northern provinces, where the settlements are few and far between, the natives are more troublesome, and have murdered shepherds and stolen or killed the sheep. They say "white man kills black man's kangaroo, black man kills white man's kangaroo," as they call the sheep. Labor also is high in these parts.

Natives are often employed on the police, and track black and white criminals through the endless woods and prairies with as much skill as the most clever of Cooper's Indians.

To the aborigines, everything, dead and alive, is food. It is no unusual sight to see a party of men, women, and children devour the steaming entrails of some newly killed beast, without even emptying their contents.

Kangaroo, flying foxes, opossums, leguemes, dingoes or wild dogs, buzzards, wild turkeys, pigeons, snipes, cormorants, pelicans, kakatoos, par-

rots, emus, and, in the northern streams, alligators, present a great temptation to the hunter, and no one can long live in the bush without becoming a hunter.

A rather unpleasant addition to the attractions of the country are the snakes and other poisonous reptiles, like the centipede, which is often three and one-half fingers thick and one and one-half feet long. Of the former, only one species, the so-called "black snake," is poisonous, and therefore to be dreaded. One of the best remedies against the effects of its bite is to pour *sal ammoniac* into the wound, and to drink large quantities of brandy or rum. The other two kinds of larger snakes are the green snake and the carpet snake.

Spiders of enormous bulk abound, but they are all harmless, except a small red-colored spider.

The birds are nearly all of the most gorgeous plumage, but do not sing.

The streams are full of good edible fishes. Oysters and lobsters are plenty in Moreton Bay. There turtles are likewise found. One of the most remarkable of the finny tribe caught in Moreton Bay is the dugong, or blubber, whose oil has often proved of great benefit when the celebrated "cod liver" failed to cure.

A great pest in the lower portions of the colony, and especially along the banks of the streams and on the sea-coast, are the mosquitoes. Newly landed emigrants, fresh from the cool sea air, seem real tit-bits to these affectionate insects.

The form of government closely resembles the English, only there is more freedom. A Governor represents the Queen. There are two Houses of Parliament, the Upper or Legislative Council, appointed by the Governor in the name of the crown, and the Lower or Legislative Assembly, elected by the people. The laws make no distinction between black and white. The utmost toleration prevails in matters of conscience.

There is no State Church. The system of public education is very thorough, both in its higher and elementary branches.

For those who are disposed to work there is enough and good pay. Every kind of mechanic, especially carpenters, masons, black and tin smiths, coopers, wheelrights, and miners, are always in great demand, and the wages range from 6s. to 11s. per day. There is a want of skilful watchmakers, who earn, exclusive of board and lodgings, from £2 to £4 a week.

Provisions, compared with the value of the money, are very cheap, especially bread and meat. Cloth clothes are high, but ordinary apparel is not.

According to the "Crown Lands Alienation Act of 1868," the sale of the public domain is regulated as follows:

1. Agricultural lands are not sold in quantities under 40 nor more than 640 acres at 5 shillings, payable in yearly rates of 1s. 6d. per acre.

2. Pasture lands of the first quality are not sold in less quantities than 80 nor in greater than 2,560 acres at 10

shillings, payable in yearly rates of 1 shilling per acre.

3. Pasture lands of the second quality are not sold in less quantities than 80 or more than 7,680 acres at 5 shillings, payable in yearly rates of 6d. per acre.

The purchaser selects his own land, and it must not consist of more than three separate parcels. The buyer must be twenty-one years of age.

There are separate statutes for the acquisition of land for sugar and coffee plantations, which the government encourages by all the means at its command.

Every emigrant who has paid for his own passage, *i. e.*, has not come out at the public expense, receives a so-called "land order," a draft for £30, which can only be applied in the purchase of land, and is accepted by the government at par. This land order system is soon to be abolished, and every emigrant without distinction will have the option to select 40 acres of land free of expense. The permission to dig gold costs ten shillings yearly, and the discovery of new gold fields is rewarded by the government with large sums, up to £1,000.

MIGNONNE.

DEATH, looking on my darling, knew
This life might prove unkind and cold.
It was not harshly that he drew
The child from Love's unquiet hold;
Therefore my tears for her are few.

He closed her eyes lest they might see
Some spectre seated by the hearth;
And on his bosom tenderly
Folds her, alike from loveless dearth
And dreams that end in vanity.

I weep no more that she is dead,
Since she has found a home secure,
A smoother pathway for her tread,
And breathes an atmosphere more pure,
Her crown of life inherited.

Her eyes' dark fringes droop in shade
 Upon a cheek no tear shall wet;
 Unreached by voices that upbraid,
 Her heart shall fold no vain regret—
 No piercing pang of trust betrayed.

I sorrow that her lips return
 No answer to my greeting kiss;
 And yet I would not have her learn
 For worlds, what such a sorrow is,
 Who, learning, find the lesson stern.

Then be the yearning bosom mine,
 So hers forego this mortal ache,
 O Death! I lay her on thy shrine!
 Take her into thy silence, take!
 The silence winning peace divine.

M. A. M. C.

BOYDELL—A SKETCH.

HE was a strolling player. During the month of February, 1868, I was at Chicago, gathering up a theatrical troupe to do the provinces. I found no difficulty in getting my general utility people, but still lacked a "first old man." Every person wanted leading business—that was exactly the trouble. When I was in the midst of my perplexity, I stumbled across Carey, whom I knew to be out of a job, and offered him the position. Now, I felt that this act was a real charity, for I knew poor Carey had never received such a chance in all his theatrical days—years, I should say; for he was well on the shady side of forty. I was amazed—dumb-founded—when Carey refused it, absolutely, positively refused it,—Carey? What could explain this astounding fact? There was an odd twinkle in his eye, and presently the truth leaked out. He had just married a pretty young girl, and—and—well, he had promised to quit the stage; that was the whole of it. But Carey suited me exactly, and I did not give up. I

told him it was all nonsense; his wife would be glad enough for him to accept the position. Carey evidently began to waver; the old love for his profession threatened to out-weight that other love which had crept into his heart. However, it was finally determined that I should call upon his wife and submit the matter to her decision. I found her really young and really pretty, but, also, really in earnest. Carey could not go, that was certain; at the very first mention of the subject, she burst into tears. There was nothing left for me except to retreat, which I did with many apologies.

Then, to soften my despair, Carey told me he knew of a person, one Boy dell, whom he thought would be glad to fill the position. A few days after, Carey brought him up and gave me an introduction. A tall man he was, six feet-one or two, with a fine presence, high-toned by a peculiar dignity of manner and voice. There was dramatic power stamped upon his English face, with its square

massive jaw, firm mouth, and deep-set eyes. I had no idea of Boyde's age. I could not have guessed it by fifteen years one way or the other. He was one of those singular individuals who might be twenty-five, thirty-five, or fifty. There were a few wrinkles about his bronzed features, but they were surely not the wrinkles of time. His thick brown hair was combed straight back, and hung down behind his ears. His dress was what might be called the shabby-genteel. Black from head to foot, nothing in it was new, and one would almost think nothing ever had been new. The garments had apparently existed in just their present condition of wear from time immemorial. The coat was shiny across the back, and a trifle small too, as though it had originally been cut for a man of less length both in body and arms. On his feet he wore queer English shoes, with broad spreading soles, and the extra space at the toes turned up after the fashion of a rocker. A silk hat, bell-crowned, with curved rim, such as we see in pictures of Beau Brummel, was set well back upon his head.

But, notwithstanding these peculiarities, there was something in his bearing that gave Boyde the appearance of a finished gentleman, and his fine address added to the impression he created of eminent respectability. He accepted the position, and our business was speedily accomplished. I requested him to call on the following day, when I would be able to make the final arrangements for our departure, and he left with a dignified bow.

Gathering together a company of actors and actresses from nowhere in particular, and attempting to form them into something like an organized troupe, is not by any means the most encouraging work with which one might employ himself. Again and again my patience was exhausted, and again and again I resolved to

persevere. Several times we had almost been ready for action, when somebody would "back out," and throw us once more into confusion. Now, however, I determined to surmount every difficulty, no matter what, so that the next train might bear us *en route* for the West.

In the midst of the morning's turmoil, Boyde made his appearance. I informed him of our arrangements, inquired where he kept his baggage, and told him I would send for it immediately.

"That will be unnecessary, as I have it with me. This, Sir, is my baggage."

While Boyde spoke, he put his hand back into his coat-tail pocket and quietly drew out a scratch wig. I looked at his face to find something which might belie the dignified voice, but there was not even the shadow of a smile breaking up its gravity. His countenance was as composed when he returned the wig to his pocket as though he had just shown to my admiring gaze a complete wardrobe of great magnificence. Indeed, I was so impressed by his aristocratic manner, that the ludicrous aspect of the interview hardly presented itself to me until it was over.

But I had no time to be amused, and, with the annoying trials that would turn up where I least expected them, no inclination. When I sent round for the luggage I found that two of the boys had "shoved up their trunks at their uncle's," and, as it was the last moment, I was compelled to redeem them. Then I hired a carriage, and went to conduct the *soubrette* to the depot. When I arrived in front of the house, *Madame, la mere*, came out and informed me that her daughter could not go, would not go, unless I gave them fifteen dollars to get her front tooth away from the dentist's! What could we do without a *soubrette*? With a groan I handed over the fifteen dollars.

Playing in the smaller towns along

our route, we cleared our travelling expenses, and got into pretty good working order. I was extremely glad to find that very little jealousy existed in the troupe, for jealousy is usually more fatal to success than any lack of talent; and, when I discovered that we were comparatively free from it, our prospect seemed brighter than I had dared to anticipate. But we had one member who was deservedly unpopular everywhere. It was Dick Dowlas, our comedian. Nature had fashioned his person for this rôle, and then playing one of her odd pranks, had gifted him with conceit in place of talent. He was small in stature, with straw-colored complexion, hair and mustachios, which he set off by a flaming cravat tied loosely about his neck. His eyes had a persistent tendency to admire his nose; they were not crossed; there was merely an instinctive sympathy between the features which the nose acknowledged by an upward inclination. But his crowning beauty, his glory, that which had rescued him from obscurity, which had dragged him out of oblivion, and made him low comedian in a travelling troupe, was his ears. No human being ever before possessed such ornaments, for they were not ordinary ears, nor were they set in the ordinary place. Low down, almost on his neck, they grew out and expanded like a funnel. But Dick never studied, and his first appearance, which was invariably greeted by a storm of applause from the audience, was soon followed on their part by indifference, or absolute contempt at his insipid elocution and brazen assurance.

I have said we were comparatively free from jealousy, but it did not take long to discover that owing to some reason or other the low comedian regarded the "first old man" with but little favor. Why this should be I could not understand, unless it was that he recognized in Boydell an antagonistic character; at any rate this jealousy quickly broke out. He

was boasting one day of his skill in fencing, and telling marvellous tales, which Boydell heard in undisguised contempt. This wrought Dick into a fury, and he challenged him to a fencing match, which, to every one's amazement, Boydell accepted. As I have said before, Dick did not possess a great amount of talent, but what little he had was developed in this art. We soon saw, however, by the way Boydell handled his sword, that he would be no disgrace to Oxford, and in less than a minute Dick's weapon flew from his hand. An audience never applauded an actor more heartily than we did then. The humiliating defeat so enraged the comedian that he swore he would not give up, and Boydell assented to a second trial. This time Dick was so excited with anger that he did violence to all rules. Gathering up his strength he made a wild lunge at his antagonist, who warding off the blow and sent the sword recoiling in his face, where it made a gash across the left ear. None of us were sorry to see the braggart beaten at his own game. Dick had to give up his engagement, for of what earthly account would he be without those beautiful ears which had always rendered him such good service until now? We parted with little grief on our side, and for all I know to the contrary, he may be in T— with his head bound up to this day.

Boxing I found was the one thing on which Boydell prided himself. If he heard of a person round the neighborhood who made any pretensions in this respect he would walk miles through rain or mud to vanquish the "presumptuous fool." I could not keep from feeling interested in this singular man. Although intemperate and often profane, there was still a natural reserve about Boydell that commanded respect.

When we arrived at St. Judas we gathered up all our strength, and came out in full glory as "The New York

Star Company." There we played for three weeks to crowded audiences. On "salary days" the money was forthcoming, a rare occurrence with strolling actors, and of course we were all greatly delighted. Under such circumstances our spirits ran high, and each one began to tell of the particular rôles in which he or she had in days gone by electrified an audience and won applause. Boydell caught the infection. It happened that we had been running plays in which the "first old man" was at best only a "stick" part, and Boydell fretted considerably at his ill-luck. One night he came into the green-room, and to his inexpressible joy found himself cast for the part of "Colonel Dumas" in Bulwer's comedy of the "Lady of Lyons." Now this was his pet rôle, and at the intelligence he felt all his dramatic genius kindle into a fresh flame.

"Boys," he said, straightening up his dignified form, "Boys, you will see me make a great hit to-night. The passage commencing, 'The man who sets his heart upon a woman is a chameleon and doth feed on air,' has never been to my mind rightly given."

Many of us had seen him do pretty well before, but now we looked forward to such an effort as the stage in St. Judas had never witnessed.

The next evening I repaired to the theatre half an hour earlier than usual, but found Boydell already dressed for the play. His shabby black coat looked more eminently respectable than ever, and was buttoned over smooth white linen, or what he made answer the purpose of linen—half a yard of paper muslin folded into tucks and pinned to his paper collar. In his hand ready for use he held his one valuable—the scratch wig. It still lacked a few minutes before he would be called, and he disappeared, as he said, to "steady his nerves." Various winks and knowing looks passed among the boys; such disappearances on his part at this time of

evening were by no means rare or unaccountable. Boydell came back and went directly on the stage. The excitement behind the scenes grew, for although few of us would admit it, we all knew Boydell was a born actor, and we clustered eagerly around the wings in breathless expectation.

He started out with dramatic gesture: "The man who sets his heart upon a woman is a chameleon, and doth feed on air—on air—air——" Suddenly his voice grew fainter, and his sentences incoherent. Those few moments he had spent in "steading his nerves" had taken every line of the text from his memory. He could barely keep upon his feet and blunder through his part with thick voice and uncertain step. He was fully aware of his powerless condition, and came off with a moody, crestfallen countenance.

When the curtain finally dropped, as it was Saturday night, they all assembled to receive their salary. Boydell stood a little apart from the others leaning against a flat. One of the boys came forward and delivering a long, elaborate speech in the name of all the members, presented Boydell with a tin snuff-box to hold his wardrobe—"As a token of their appreciation of the great 'hit' he had made, and the glory it would reflect upon the troupe."

That night Boydell, from some unknown source, had scraped up *two* shillings.

He could take twice the quantity of liquor that would intoxicate any other man, and beyond a redness of the nose and a flushed glistening appearance about the "gills," he manifested no symptom of intemperance. He had a trick of using his hand as a shield around the glass and pouring in whisky to the very brim, so he always got a double drink for one price. When the boys asked him why he held the tumbler in that peculiar manner, "It was habit," he said; "merely habit." I remember at

Bugtown, Kansas, they had unusually small glasses, and he went into a logical discussion with the bar-keeper to show the evil of the thing. It was wrong; it looked mean; it would ruin his custom. Not that he (Boydell) cared; it was nothing to him, it was only the *principle* he objected to; it appeared penurious.

Our expenses had been steadily increasing, and our finances did not prove equal to the demand; at least they would not justify a longer run. We played two weeks at Leavenworth City, and disbanded, scattering in all directions.

I went home to M—— with a feeling of unutterable relief. My theatrical experience had brought me to the determination of letting the stage alone for the present, or trying it in a different capacity. Devoting my whole time to a more lucrative business, I heard nothing about any of the old troupe, and I did not care to see one of them again, unless it was Boydell. I had little hope of ever meeting him; it would be mere chance if I did, and I knew he might just as likely now be in Europe or Australia as in this country. But we were destined once more to come in contact.

M—— was a flat muddy thriving little town in Western Illinois. It had built a theatre, and was a focus for strolling actors and adventurers—a kind of centre, where the remnant of theatrical troupes that had come to grief straggled in to recruit. The citizens did not consider this a very distinguishing characteristic to boast of, but in reality it was what raised the place out of oblivion; otherwise its few thousand inhabitants might, like their neighbors, have lived for ever in obscurity.

Early last summer a business engagement took me to the suburbs of this town. The atmosphere was clear as crystal and glittering with sunshine. All the birds were twittering in a perfect flutter of enjoyment. The cool wind blew gently through the trees,

making a soft leafy rustle in the air, and there came the far-off barking of farm dogs. A stray cat walked lazily along the fence-top, and a few solemn chickens meditated over freshly scratched earth. A little distance up the road a man was approaching the town on foot. As we neared each other, old recollections came back upon me. Yes, that tall erect figure seemed familiar—it was Boydell coming into M—— from parts unknown. The same coat I had seen do such good service, only a little shinier now, was buttoned over the same—no, it was likely another piece of paper muslin. On his feet were a pair of shoes, a present undoubtedly, which lacked a size or more in length; but this trouble had been remedied by cutting out the counters, and strapping down his pantaloons to cover his naked heels. The fact that I knew his high silk hat, the one of olden times, had lost its crown, was owing entirely to the elevation I gained by being on horseback. Under other circumstances it would never have been discovered, for the edges were trimmed smoothly round, and Boydell, as I said, was tall.

And so I met him again, the same courtly vagabond, the same Boydell of former days. His bearing was majestic, almost regal; his dress was—a respectable shell. But there seemed to be a change, too. He did not look any older, although I noticed a little silver had sprinkled itself through his thick waving hair since we had parted, but there was something about his eyes that did not appear natural, and a tired, a weary expression sat upon his face, an expression I had never seen there before. Perhaps he had walked many miles.

I looked after him as he went on towards the town, thinking what an unsettled, wild, worthless life he led, this man with the divine gift of genius, this vagrant with the clinging air of gentility. Maybe fate was against him; maybe he really

had higher aspirations; but without friends, without home, the cold, unsympathetic world had crushed them; and still watching, it suddenly entered my head how easily I could guess the contents of his coat-tail pocket.

Some little time after this meeting, when BoydeLL had almost passed out of my mind, a gentleman called at my office, and during our conversation told me about a case of destitution that had accidentally come to his knowledge. At first I listened with well-bred indifference, for the experience I had acquired thoroughly cured all my philanthropic symptoms with which I had once been afflicted, but when he related the circumstances my interest awakened. A man, a stranger, had stopped at the tavern on the suburbs of town and fallen sick. He had no money, no friends, indeed he had not even a shirt to his back, and the landlord threatened to turn him out, utterly helpless as he was. I suddenly thought of BoydeLL, and inquired the man's name. My friend could not recall it, but said he represented himself as an actor; though the landlord did not place much reliance on this statement, for the fellow had no wardrobe of any description, and the only thing in his possession was a scratch wig which a black-leg would be as likely to own as an actor. This dispelled what little doubt had remained in my mind. It was BoydeLL, and something must be done at once for his relief. Generosity does not prevail in any profession to a greater extent, especially among the lower members, than it does in the dramatic. As it was the hour for rehearsal, we went up to the theatre. We told of BoydeLL's condition, and I related what I knew of his history. One appeal was sufficient, the contribution they made up would at least relieve his present wants.

There, at the tavern, we found him in a stupor. Neglected, without the barest necessities, he had had no medical attendance of any kind. In

a room high up under the roof he was lying across a broken bedstead, on a worn-out husk mattress, with nothing to shade him from the fierce blazing sun or the crawling flies that kept up a loud incessant buzz. And he had been sick eight days. On the floor old Mounse had crammed himself into the one shady corner. Old Mounse was a besotted beggar round town who had arrived at the state where the rims of his eyelids appeared to be turned inside out and resembled raw beefsteak. The landlady, who was somewhat more compassionate than her worse half, fearing that BoydeLL might die on her hands, had sent up old Mounse, an hour ago, with a little gruel which he had swallowed himself, and was then peacefully snoring in the corner.

We sent immediately for a physician, and employed ourselves in having BoydeLL removed to another apartment, where, at least, he might escape being broiled to death by the sun, or devoured by flies. When the doctor arrived, we had him fixed in quite comfortable quarters. BoydeLL's disease, as we feared, was a severe form of the typhoid fever. From the lifeless stupor, he suddenly broke into the wild ravings of delirium, so that our combined strength could hardly keep him upon the bed.

We reinstated old Mounse on his watch, only with strict orders that the granulated eyelids were to be kept wide open. Old Mounse was one of those rare persons with the *delirium tremens*, who had hovered on the verge of dissolution for thirty years, and still lived along. Palsied and feeble and crippled and unshaven and dirty and whiny, he just managed to keep himself on this side of the grave. The adjective "old" which had become a prefix to his name could not have been better applied, for his clothes, too, were ready at any moment to keep him company and return to their original element. Old Mounse's one merit was, he had

become so aged that he could just do what he was told and nothing more. The case had assumed altogether a new aspect to him, now that BoydeLL seemed to have friends.

Every day the doctor reported the condition of his patient, which grew more and more unfavorable, until one morning he came and told us he thought BoydeLL had not over twenty-four hours to live. We went immediately to the tavern with him. BoydeLL, for the first time since his illness, was perfectly conscious. Here, in the silence of this barren room, unhalloved by the presence of sorrowing ones, the wild reckless life was drawing to a close. It seemed as if the spectre hands of death were already stretched out to snap the last binding thread. The face on the pillow, haggard and ghastly with its hollow cheeks, very little resembled the one over which that weary undefinable something, the shadow, the forerunner of the fever, had crept but three weeks ago. BoydeLL recognized me, and motioned to a chair beside the bed. He made two or three efforts before he spoke.

"I am going to die."

We could only answer by silence. It was something terrible to see this strong man, now weaker than an infant, lie calmly on the brink of eternity; even old Mounse dropped his beefy lids, and drew back with a subdued snuffle of awe.

We asked if there was anything that he wished done. After a little he turned his head that his voice might the better reach us.

"I have relatives—it will not matter to them that I am gone; they hold themselves up in the world; it will only be a disgrace wiped out; but I would like them to know, and when I am dead, why I wish you would please write to—to my brother. I have not heard from him for nearly fifteen years."

He closed his eyes, and seemed to dream, but presently roused himself,

and looked anxiously about the room.

"There was something else—oh, yes. Tell him that—I am gone. He is rector of St. Paul's Church, S—, Lower Canada." He paused and then said slowly, as though repeating his words for the first time, "It is no matter, but tell him I am dead."

He felt up and down the seam of the quilt feebly with his fingers, then closed his eyes again in unconsciousness.

All day the dread phantom hands seemed to hover closer to that quivering thread of life, until sometimes we almost thought it broken; but at night-fall they receded, and the shred strengthened. There was a change for the better, and BoydeLL fell into soft natural slumber.

Several days after this it occurred to me that if BoydeLL had relatives in Canada who were well off, they ought to help him in his time of need. Without making him or anyone else acquainted with my intention, I wrote a letter setting forth BoydeLL's illness and utterly destitute condition among strangers. As they held no communication with BoydeLL, they would hardly be willing to send him the money. I was unknown, and to assure them it was no imposition, I wrote if they wished to send any assistance direct "To the Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, M—, Illinois."

About a week later that minister came to me and showed a letter postmarked S—, which contained a cheque for three hundred dollars. It specified that the money was to be given to BoydeLL only on condition that he would promise to renounce the stage forever, and so soon as he was able to travel, come home to his relatives. I felt delighted at the success of my plan, for of course he would accept the money, and whether he fulfilled his promise afterwards by renouncing the stage and going home to Canada, which would be extremely

doubtful, I considered was no business of mine.

When we entered his room, Boydell was propped up almost in a sitting position by pillows. The window-shutter had been thrown partly open to admit the air, and a narrow streak of sunlight fell across the bed. We told him of the good news, and after we had made him understand how it had all come about, read the letter aloud. He listened in perfect silence, without changing position, and when it was finished, took the cheque and said :

"Three hundred dollars?"

"Yes," we said, "it is three hundred dollars."

He held the slip of paper in his emaciated hands, that trembled with weakness, and repeated :

"Three hundred dollars."

He seemed trying to convince himself of its reality; but suddenly a bewildered expression broke over his face, and he looked from the cheque to the letter, which still laid open. We asked Boydell if he wished to hear it again, but at the second reading his bewilderment only seemed to increase. He looked at us with an inquiring gaze that wandered round the bare, desolate room, and settled on the strip of blue sky in the window. Then he said, as if asking himself the question :

"Give up the stage? Renounce the stage?"

His eyes came back to the money

in his hand. Presently he folded it up, pressing the creases with his thin fingers, and slowly holding it out, shook his head, saying :

"Send it back."

The ribbon of sunlight had crept further and further round until it stretched itself across the broad white forehead, and we stood in greater awe than when the angel of death had hovered there. Suddenly before us a dazzling ray had flashed out from the black waste of that sinful life. The unbroken cheque went back to Canada.

A month later I was riding in the country. A purple light overhung the shadowy prairie, which stretched away, broad level and without bound. Occasionally a wild bird rose up and darted with swift wings, seeking a resting place, for already the September moon waited the coming night. Nearer, the tall weeds raised themselves from the great soundless ocean of grass, like the masts of receding vessels. A single wagon, the only object on all the void prairie, stood out bold and sharp against the bright line of the horizon, and clearly defined above the driver, high up on top of the hay, the figure of a man cut the sky. Even at that distance I knew it was Boydell.

Some one had given him a little money, and with renewed health and spirits he was going out of M——. Whither?

FLORENCE McLANE BURGHE.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

CARBOLIC ACID AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR
ALCOHOL.

THE solution of carbolic acid is far less used in the preservation of web specimens of natural history than it should be, in view of its cheapness compared with alcohol. The complaint is usually made that its effects are very uncertain; and most attempts to use it have resulted in failure, for want of proper management. The method adopted at the Academy of Sciences in this city, at which institution the new preservative has been in use for two or three years with constant success, is as follows. The specimen (a fish, for instance) is first placed in a very weak solution, about one-tenth per cent. of the crystals in water, with which solution it is also thoroughly injected. The strength of the solution is increased at intervals of two or three days until it reaches one per cent., which is strong enough for the permanent preservation of most specimens, although a somewhat stronger fluid is sometimes desirable. By this method the astringent effect of the strong solution upon the pores of the skin is avoided, and the fluid is allowed to penetrate all parts of the object.

NEW MICROSCOPICAL JOURNAL.

WE have received the prospectus of a new microscopical journal to be published in this city, the first number of which will appear on the first of October next. It will be entitled "The Lens; a Quarterly Journal of Microscopy and the allied Natural Sciences," and will contain the Transactions of the State Microscopical Society of Illinois, by which Society the journal is to be issued. We learn from the prospectus that "without trespassing on the fields so ably occupied by 'Silliman's Journal' and the 'American Naturalist,' the only publications of like character in the United States, the pages of

'The Lens' will contain: 1. Original contributions consisting of papers read before some scientific society, or communicated directly to the Journal; 2. Original papers, elaborate or otherwise, illustrative of the Natural History of the Mississippi Valley and the Far West; 3. A comprehensive *resumé* of the latest foreign inquiries and critical reviews, with brief notices of the latest microscopical publications in this country and Europe; 4. Descriptions of all new forms of microscopes and microscopic apparatus; and 5. Correspondence on matters of histological controversy." This is an excellent programme, and if carried out, will give to Chicago a scientific journal which will bear comparison with any published in any part of the world.

NEW METHOD OF VACCINATION.

WE find in the "Chemical News" for July 21st last, a report of a lecture on "Dust and Smoke," before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, by Professor Tyndall, which contains several points of interest, among which is a description of a new method of vaccination practiced by Dr. Ellis. The Professor remarked that there was a cause distinct from bad lymph for the mischief occasionally incidental to vaccination, and this was the admission to the wound of the noxious germs which float in the air. Vaccination in the common way is done by scraping off the epidermis, and thrusting into the punctures made by the lancet the vaccine virus. By the new method the epidermis is lifted by the effusion of serum from below, a result of the irritant cantharidine applied to the skin. The little blister thus formed is pricked, a drop of fluid let out, and then a fine vaccine point is put into this spot, and after a minute of delay it is withdrawn. The epidermis falls back on the skin, and quite excludes the air — and not the air only, but what the air contains.

FIREMEN'S RESPIRATOR.

In the same lecture Prof. Tyndall described a new firemen's respirator, invented by him, designed to enable the fireman to enter rooms filled with the densest and most acrid smoke for the purpose of saving life. By the use of this instrument the Professor and a friend remained for half an hour in a room filled with the pungent fumes of a resinous fire without suffering inconvenience. The respirator is provided with two valves, one of which opens in inspiration, the other in expiration. The inspirator is packed with four layers, one of raw cotton moistened with glycerine, one of dry cotton, one of fragments of charcoal, and one of fragments of caustic lime. The cotton arrests the carbon particles of the smoke, the charcoal absorbs the pungent vapors, and the lime the carbonic acid. The layer of lime is not always necessary; in a flaming building, indeed, the mixture of air with the smoke never permits the carbonic acid to become so dense as to be irrespirable. The apparatus has been fully tested by the London Metropolitan Fire Brigade and found to serve its purpose perfectly.

THE AMERICAN EIDER DUCK.

THE American Eider Duck, hitherto considered to be identical with the European species, has recently been studied by the Ornithologist, Mr. R. B. Sharpe, and found to be quite distinct. In our bird the form of the bill is different, and the bare ridges running from the nostril to the eye are very much broader and distinctly rugose. The American species, for which Mr. Sharpe proposes the name *Somateria Dresseri*, is a much finer bird than the European.

AMERICAN FOSSIL BIRDS.

ALTHOUGH the fossil remains of birds have been found in Europe in considerable numbers since the beginning of paleontological investigations, none were known in this country until the early part of last year, when two or three species of American fossil birds were described by Prof. Marsh in the "American Journal of

Science." Since then five additional species have been discovered and described: an Eagle (*Aquila danamus*) from the Pliocene beds of the Loup Fork river; an Owl (*Bubo leptosteus*) from the Tertiary of the Green River basin; a Turkey (*Meleagris antiquus*) from the Miocene lake deposits east of the Rocky Mountains; and another (*M. altus*) from the post-Tertiary of New Jersey; and a Gannet (*Sula leucostyla*) from the Miocene of North Carolina. For our knowledge of these species we are indebted to Professors Marsh, of New Haven, and Cope, of Philadelphia.

WEATHER TELEGRAPHY.

IN the August number of the "American Journal of Science," Prof. Cleveland Abbe gives some interesting historical notes on the systems of weather telegraphy, and especially on their development in the United States. The subject was first investigated by Kämtz in Germany, Bell in England, and Le Verrier in France. To Professor Henry of the Smithsonian Institution, however, is due the credit of first putting to practical use daily telegraphic reports of the weather. The investigations made at the Institution having fully indicated that, as a general rule, storms in the United States pursue a definite course from west to east, Prof. Henry, in 1856, commenced the establishment of a system by which he received by telegraph each day a report of the meteorological conditions at 9 o'clock in the morning from a great number of stations, including nearly all parts of the country east of the Mississippi. The observation, platted on large maps, gave every facility for comparison, by which the origin and progress of each atmospheric change might be satisfactorily studied, and the time of arrival of each storm at a given point predicted with considerable accuracy. This work was interrupted by the war, in 1861, but it must be considered as the foundation of the admirable system now in full operation under the charge of the U. S. Signal Corps. For a full history of the establishment of this system, and of a previous one of similar character

conducted at the Cincinnati Observatory, we must refer the reader to the paper of Prof. Abbe.

RIVER TERRACES.

IN a review of Mr. Begbie's paper in the Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society for February, 1871, "On the Benches, or Valley Terraces, of British Columbia," Prof. Dana calls attention to the fact that terraces, both horizontal and inclined, may be formed at all heights in river valleys by the rise of that portion of a continent in which the valley is situated. By this rise the excavating force of the stream would be increased, and the low water channel would be accordingly deepened by abrasion. And more terrace levels than one may be formed on this single rise at those points where there were obstructions which were afterward successively removed by the action of the water. Such obstructions might in some parts of the stream cause the formation of lakes; but it is not necessary to account for all of the terraces by supposing the existence of one vast lake or series of lakes, with successive upheavals, as Mr. Begbie has done. Prof. Dana remarks that the facts above stated regarding river action after upheavals are of the highest geological importance, and very many errors have been made from a failure to consider them.

MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

THE annual meeting of this Association was held at Indianapolis during the week commencing on Wednesday, August 16th. A report of the proceedings has not reached us in time for notice in the pres-

ent number; but we propose to give some account of the more interesting papers read at the meeting in the number for October.

THE MESSRS. APPLETON & Co. pay Mr. Darwin a copyright, the same as that equally paid to American authors. The English scientific writers whose works they reprint—Messrs. Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin, Spencer, Lubbock, Lecky, and Galton—have copyright on their work, and enjoy every advantage in the sale of their publications that they would under an international copyright law.

PROF. ABEL, chemist of the English War Department, has perfected the new explosive agent recently produced by him, and called picric powder. It is said to be peculiarly adapted for shells. Its merits are that it may be readily prepared, that its explosive force is much greater than that of gunpowder, and that it may be more safely handled than any other explosive agent.

THE WHOLE WEST COAST of America, throughout its great mountain range, has now been seriously disturbed by earthquake shocks for some months, as far north as Washington Territory. Mt. Rainer is reported as in commotion.

THE RARE MINERAL GAHNITE has been detected by Prof. G. J. Brush, of New Haven, at Mine Hill (Franklin Furnace), New Jersey, in connection with the zinc ores.

BARON LIEBIG, whose health for some time was infirm, has so far recovered that he is now lecturing at the University of Munich with his old energy.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

A COMPARATIVE GRAMMAR OF THE ANGLO-SAXON LANGUAGE; in which its forms are illustrated by those of the Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Old Saxon, Old Friesic, Old Norse, and Old High-German. By Francis A. March, LL.D., Professor of the English Language and Comparative Philology in Lafayette College, author of "Method of Philological Study of the English Language," "An Anglo-Saxon Reader," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

This is a work of pure and high scholarship, and adds a name to the painfully short list of Americans everywhere known and honored for learning. We excel in original speculation, in all kinds of literary work that can be produced at the rate of a volume a week; but there are as yet few of us capable of spending a lifetime on a work requiring careful and long research and slow and wise meditation upon facts. When work of this permanent sort is to be done, we look for it from a class who seldom come to much popular honor, and they probably have more appreciative readers, or readers competent to judge their works, on the other side of the Atlantic than on this.

In the field of linguistics, we have, rather curiously, excelled ourselves. The native American on the rampage may be disgusted, but it is nevertheless true that American writers win their greenest laurels on fields where their work is compared with, and put into competition with, the best work of men of "the effete civilizations." Whitney, Marsh, March, not to mention others, have done the nation permanent honor by their contributions to linguistic study.

Dr. March has, by force of personal ability and enthusiasm, made English studies popular in his college. We have no means of knowing what other department has suffered by this diversion to English; but it is not likely to be any real

loss while Dr. M. is the English instructor. As to the policy of special and abundant scientific study of English, it is certainly growing in favor. For the present, it is probably wise to make haste slowly. Hitherto our students in colleges have learned English by translation into it and out of it of Latin and Greek classics, with an incessant comparison of the native grammar with that of the older tongues. It is only fair justice to say that this method has succeeded; and it succeeded because it was a *comparative* method. On English alone, with our broken forms and imperfect grammar (or no grammar at all), few students would grow into English scholarship. On the old method, we produced our masters of English speech and writing; we shall do well, if the more direct study of English bears as good fruit.

The means to a new method have been furnished by the new science of linguistics. The English forms can now be traced and compared, and a grammar of the whole Aryan (or Indo-European) speech can be used to illustrate the grammatical laws of the English sentence. But let us not go too fast. To know general grammar, the pupil must begin somewhere; and that somewhere is, as yet, neither in an English grammar nor in a treatise on linguistics. The new science has immeasurably strengthened the argument for the study of Latin grammar early and abundantly. It is this study of a language with full forms which qualifies the student to comprehend his own broken forms, and to enter into the full meaning of grammatical concord. Greek would be even better than Latin for this purpose, were it not that English is measurably a Latin tongue, and the young pupil can be drilled in Latin grammar by the use of words whose broken parts enter into his own speech.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that our English study will not break off from the

comparative method; and that our efforts to improve it will not be made without a good foundation in Latin grammar.

The special methods of Dr. March may be just suited to him, and yet lack adaptation to general use. Many methods have, in fact, been suggested and more or less tried. It is a period of experiment. But some care is needed to avoid sacrificing the interests of students to the enthusiasm of instructors, or even to the enthusiasm of men profane to the profession of teaching. If, however, the broad principle of comparative grammar is preserved, and English is studied by the aid of its North-European and South-European cousins, there cannot be any slurring over of the business; it will be hard work and a good deal of it.

The present work is designed for advanced students. Indeed, without special effort to prepare for it, college students would not reach this book even in the senior year. One language at least must be thoroughly known, and the student should besides have some acquaintance with two or three more. If he has not such training, he will simply swallow whole some meaningless tables and remarks upon "umlauts," "ablauts," "breakings," etc.

The book will not be used as a text-book; it is of great use as a work of reference for the teacher and the advanced student; but Dr. March is probably too good a scholar to triturate knowledge down to the capacity of average students.

How far the study of Anglo-Saxon can be made really practical, is another and very grave matter. For instruction, only certain portions of human knowledge are found to be of high utility. These are such as are easily grouped under principles. The work of scavengering for facts belongs to a riper period; and those parts of knowledge which, either being new or being recondite by nature, are incapable of exact statement and easy verification, ought not to be put before young students. Now, whatever can be learned from Anglo-Saxon is either a few remote and more or less unsociable facts—a very thin and juiceless harvest—or it is these same facts put one by one into comparison with a

great body of facts similarly collected from other fields. One must know too much to study Anglo-Saxon with profit at an early age. At all events, until linguistics is reduced to more regular order, in many of its important branches, we cannot perceive any certain success in attempts to use it in dissecting Anglo-Saxon. There is an older and surer way to learn the anatomy of a living language.

HAND-BOOK OF ANGLO-SAXON AND EARLY ENGLISH. By Hiram Corson, M.A., Professor in the Cornell University. New York: Holt & Williams. (Western News Company, Chicago.)

We have here a Grammar, Reader, and Lexicon, of the least known portion of our English. About one thousand years of work by our ancestors is represented in the book; work we have so well forgotten that we must pick it out painfully, as we had to do when we learned French. The author seems to have purposed to furnish a key for all that portion of our tongue which lies back of Spenser; to take in at one view the Anglo-Saxon Gospels and Wycliffe, Ormin, and Chaucer. It would scarcely be expected that so great a task should be accomplished at the first trial, and all lie snug and perfect within the two covers of one book. There are signs of haste and difficulty; but Prof. Corson will succeed if he keeps trying; and to succeed will be to do the one best thing for early English study. With this book in his hand, and a good instructor at his elbow, a "junior" or "senior" in college can learn to read early English and Anglo-Saxon in a single term—if he have a classical foundation.

How far it will be possible to push the study of earlier English in our public schools, must be learned by experiment. But we feel sure that, by the use of such a book as this, the experiment can be fairly tried. Will not some of our Western high-school instructors try it, and report their success to *THE LAKESIDE*?

The early English period is of greatly more importance to our tongue than the Anglo-Saxon. In the former, the language we actually speak was made up by the combination of Angle with Norman

French, or rather, by the modification of Angle under Norman influence. The tongue of Laymore, Wycliffe, Chaucer, is much nearer to ours than it seems, and our children ought to know it in books; and after one has learned to read Chaucer and Laymore, it is easy to master the simple homilies of Celfric in Anglo-Saxon.

We must somehow get a historical method of English study. History and Comparison are the two keys. Our comparative grammar has long been of a respectable sort, but our attempts at historical treatment of English are few, lame, and, to this present, substantially useless. Our error has been this: only the teacher reads the older tongue. The student will follow out a historical development of the forms and rules only so far as his own reading will help him to perceive the laws of the language. If all the pupils in our public schools learned to read Chaucer and Laymore, they would thereafter be able to learn a historical grammar of English. In England, considerable progress has been made in recent years towards this form of English study. The Early English Text Society, and other kindred associations, have given direction to an earnest desire to renew acquaintance with the morning days of the speech; but there is probably no place in England or America where English is historically studied to such advantage as in the gymnasia of Berlin. We repeat, our children must just learn to read the early English; and until such reading is generally introduced and the result known, the gifted high-priests of speculative education will do well to keep silence. Let us cease beating our brains into froth, and do some work in some direction,—work of a homely common sense sort,—before we altogether use up the Fourth of July.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

OLIVER TWIST, and CHRISTMAS STORIES. By Charles Dickens. ("Handy Volume" Edition of Dickens's Works—Complete in Fourteen Volumes. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank, John Leech, and H. R. Browne.) New York: D. Appleton & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS SON. A Narrative of Events which Occurred during the Thirty Years War. Translated from the Original German of Rev. K. H. Caspari. (The Fatherland Series.) Philadelphia: Lutheran Board of Publication. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

THE STUDENT'S ELEMENTS OF GEOLOGY. By Sir Charles Lyell, Bart., F.R.S., author of "The Principles of Geology," "The Antiquity of Man," etc. With 600 Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

THE IRON AGE OF GERMANY. Translated from the German of Franz Hoffmann, by Rebecca H. Schmitz. Philadelphia: Lutheran Board of Publication. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

HISTORY OF FREDERICK THE SECOND, CALLED FREDERICK THE GREAT. By John S. C. Abbott. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

THE ISLAND NEIGHBORS. A Novel of American Life. By Antoinette Brown Blackwell. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION. A Novel. By Charles Reade. Part I. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. (The Western News Company, Chicago.)

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS. By F. C. Burnard. Handy Volume Series. Boston: Roberts Bros. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

MARQUIS AND MERCHANT: A NOVEL. By Mortimer Collins. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

LITTLE MEN. By Miss Alcott, author of "Little Women." Boston: Roberts Brothers. (W. B. Keen & Cooke, Chicago.)

CHIT-CHAT.

—THE PROVERB about the prophet's being without honor in his own country is too old to quote. (By the way, it seems as if quite as good a joke upon the average prophet would be arrived at by framing a proverb to the effect that a prophet is not without honor, until his prophecies mature, or come due. This circumstance, if anything, would constitute the infallible signal for the explosion of the sybil.) This, however, has nothing to do with what we are about to mention, which is that the "Pike County Ballads" have found appreciative—indeed, admiring—reviewers on the other side of the Atlantic. The journal which keeps the poet of the Pike County muse, reprints from the London "Spectator" a long panegyric on his ballads. The London oracle denominates Mr. Hay's incongruous *melange* of slang and profanity from all parts of the Union a "perfect specimen of the Pike dialect;" and the extraordinary way in which some of the specimens are translated into English, shows that the English critic knew no more of Pike than your average Pike knows of Sanscrit. These cockneys seem delighted with the rhymed cyclopaedia of profanity which mainly constitutes the Pike County Ballads, and cannot praise sufficiently such passages as these: "Peart and chipper and sassy," "You may rezoloot till the cows come home," "Passing in his checks," and "meandering in," etc.; but "peart and chipper and sassy" is evidently the favorite of all, for it is rolled like a toothsome morsel under the reviewer's tongue, who insists that it embodies in three words the whole Pike character, including that of Jim Bludso of the Prairie Belle. Of course the gentleman never saw a Pike, or he would know that that specimen of the *civis Americanus* is not "chipper," however "peart" or "sassy" he may be. He would also know, if he had been in America much, that the whole vocabulary

of slang which strikes him as being so apt and poetical—so pregnant with meaning, and all that—is in common use wherever our people are rude or low, and that it has not found its way into poetry for the simple reason that it is considered by persons of taste to be, what the most of Mr. Hay's ideas and incidents are, too coarse and vulgar for enjoyable reading, however it might do for backwoods or camp or bar-room conversation.

—PERHAPS it costs more money to keep up the King's English than the most of us imagine. At least the King's Flemish is likely to cost the King a snug sum, if a publisher of Ghent is allowed the sum which he now demands for a trespass on his orthography. It seems that his Majesty of Belgium (of which Flanders is but a province) issued a royal edict requiring certain orthographical changes in the Flemish language, in order to reduce that ancient tongue to a system which would make it "lay out" neatly as a dead language, if by chance it should not succeed in gaining a status in the live literature of the day. This was all regular and correct; but there is a publisher of dictionaries—M. Greuse by name—who had just got out a large edition when the new *régime* was ordered. These will be rendered worthless by the edict, and M. Greuse therefore demands 90,000 francs as damages. Otherwise he will continue to promulgate disloyal orthography, and the King may help himself.

The object of the royal interference is doubtless to bring the language back to the status of the good old time when "our army swore in Flanders" (perhaps on account of some peculiar advantages of the language, but more likely on account of some peculiar disadvantages of the country) or perhaps to a still more ancient date. For the Vlamingen believe their language to be very ancient, and one of its

lights, Goropus Becanus, has opined that Adam spoke Flemish in Paradise. But the people of Flanders generally give the lie to this theory by learning to talk French as they approach Paradise on earth—that is, as soon as they get into office, or into polite city society. The recent downfall of the French Empire, however, has given an impetus to the effort which has been made ever since Belgium became independent, to build up Flemish literature and a national language for Belgium. Nevertheless, we think M. Greuse ought to get his indemnity on the condemned dictionaries. If the King must have a royal language, he ought to be willing to pay for it; that is, of course, to make his subjects pay for it.

—ONE of the morning papers recently started a discussion about the right of commercial travellers, or drummers, to continue to exist and to peddle their goods. But somebody came into the quarrel and proposed to furnish some information about the business. This was deemed obnoxious to a high-toned discussion of the subject, and likely to lead to complications, and so the matter was dropped. And dropped, unfortunately, before bringing out one of the most characteristic qualities of the drummer—his fondness for *sells*. Your true drummer likes, to be sure, to sell a bill of goods, but it affords him tenfold greater pleasure to be able to “sell” some of his fellow drummers. A commercial traveller will willingly travel eight days and nights without disposing of a pound of merchandise, if he can peddle off the latest “drive” on a few fellow-passengers each day. And if, by chance, one of them finds himself started on a trip with a “sell” which proves to be second-hand, and which everybody is “up to,” you will see him retracing his way in green and yellow melancholy, under pretence of having forgotten a statement of some customer’s account or an article from his sample bag.

Unfortunately, the selling conceit is not confined to the commercial travellers. Men about town, and hail-fellows generally, are fond of indulging in it. The penalty of a sell is the drinks for the crowd,

be the crowd more or less. A fair specimen of the *modus operandi* of “selling” is this:

Jones catches Robinson and asks him into the nearest saloon to take a drink. They find, by accident, of course, a dozen of Jones’s friends lounging about, unoccupied, and entirely open for proposals to “step up and take something.” They all step up and take something, viz.: whiskey neat, poured down at a gulp. Having taken something, and Robinson having been introduced to the dozen, he is asked in a casual way by Jones if he has heard of the new step which the Commissioner of Internal Revenue had recommended.

Robinson (politely)—No; can’t say whether I have or not. What is it?

Jones (exultant)—Step up and treat!

The Dozen (boisterously)—Haw! haw! haw! haw! haw! haw!

And the etiquette of the society of “good fellows” requires that Robinson shall pay for the drinks again, including, perhaps, those just ordered on Jones’s call. As soon as Robinson is out of the way, Jones lies in wait for another victim; and it is easy to see that he and his friends can, without difficulty, get as drunk as beasts in the course of a few hours at this rate.

A sell does not require to be, by any means, as elaborate or as ingeniously devised as the above instance. Indeed, the usual *modus operandi* is to inveigle the victim into asking a question, by pretending to ask a favor of him, and leaving your request so vague that he must ask, or be rude; then give any simple, but very dirty or obscene answer, and it is held by the etiquette of the “boys” to be a legitimate “sell.” Thus, you may ask a clergyman what subject is treated in the second chapter of John. He enquires, which John? there being three or four books in the New Testament by that name. You answer “Demijohn,” and he is “sold.” But clergymen are not often sold in this way, probably because they have no money to pay for drinks.

It will be seen that this is a highly elevating social amusement, and one which naturally endears the seller to his victim. To work it successfully, only two rules

are necessary: 1. Keep your countenance straight; and 2. Be sure that the answer is a very dirty one, which will speak for itself, and leave no doubt in the minds of hearers that the thing is a *bona fide* sell.

—THE NEW YORKERS have added another word to their vocabulary — “*car-homicidomania*,” which is defined as meaning “a mania for committing murder on board passenger cars.” The word will doubtless prove useful, according to the way events are tending, since the murderer Foster was reprieved. It is thus that our vernacular is enriched by the contributions of various localities, each furnishing words to represent ideas most characteristic of the place. This latest coinage, by the way, reminds one of the savage nation in the Pacific ocean, whose vocabulary was so rich that it had twelve different words to express the shades of difference in the way in which a son might kill his father, but there was not in it a single word to express the idea of love. Reason, they didn’t need it, any more than the bright lexicon of Tammany needs any such word as *honesty*.

—THE VELOCIPEDE: is it entirely a thing of the past, or is it to trundle its way into the future? Certainly not the former, for the bicycle is at least a thing of the present. Probably a hundred of them are in use in Chicago to-day — partly by youths who ride well for pleasure, and partly by artisans and letter-carriers who ride them in their daily journeys to, from, or at work. Two or three of the letter-carriers go their entire rounds upon bicycles, doing thirty to forty miles a day with much more ease and speed than they could do the same on foot. These, and the workmen who propel themselves to and from the shop upon the two-wheeled steeds, seem to have no difficulty at all in getting through the streets, however crowded they may be with vehicles; and they certainly make about three times the speed that a rapid pedestrian would make. They drive their machines along upon the block pavement without apparently suffering any discomfort from jolting. Evidently, the day of the velocipede is not over yet, as the vehi-

cle seems to be rather gaining in popularity than falling off. If the furor for bicycles three years ago had not been so great, the reaction which followed would have been less, and the vehicle would have found more favor to-day than it does. The smoothness and cleanness of our streets, and the magnificence of our distances from home to shop, will be quite likely to help the bicycle to that equal and independent station among the vehicles of the earth to which the laws of nature and of economy entitle it. If once we go from block to *asphaltum* or other smooth concrete for pavements, the velocipedes will swarm in our thoroughfares like ants in a sand-bed.

—SOMETHING entirely new in the line of city directories has just been issued by a Chicago publisher, being a book which contains the names of 97,000 adult persons of Chicago, with the place of birth, residence (street, ward, and number) of each, together with the number of persons in his (or her) family. The principal object of this is to furnish at once a directory, and at the same time a census of the city, which shall be absolutely trustworthy, since it gives not only the numbers of the people but their precise local habitation, so that he who reads may run and see whether what he reads is right; whether, in short, all of the 334,000 odd people who dwell in Chicago (excluding the suburban population) are actual flesh and blood, or whether they are any of them men of straw. This was rendered desirable by the fact that our census under government auspices last year was taken very hurriedly and imperfectly, and the result extensively advertised, to our prejudice, by St. Louis; which city, by reckoning in all her suburbs, managed to count a few thousand more heads than Chicago. A thorough census, however, shows that Chicago excels the Missouri metropolis by some 20,000, at the least, and ranks as the fourth city in the Union in point of population, as she does second in point of business.

—ONE more woman’s right has been vindicated — this time the right *not* to do a thing, instead of the opposite. A Scotch

gentleman engaged a cook until next Michaelmas, at so many pounds for the term. One day, as he was going fishing, he set her to shell muscles for bait, which she refused to do, as not being a cook's work. He dismissed her, and she, when the right time came, sued him for the entire amount up to Michaelmas; and, what is more, she recovered every penny of it, the Judge holding that shelling bait was no part of a cook's duties, and that the master must shell out for insisting that it was.

— We have seen something like this — and yet not exactly like it — in some of the works of the poets; — not, perhaps, in the "grand old masters" — not in

—— "the bards sublime
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time,"

but in "some humbler poet," whose effusions fill, perhaps, the corners of the popular weeklies. They are usually tampered with by the printer, however, and we propose to distinguish this by giving it *in puris naturalibus*; would fain add the attraction of a fac-simile of the poet's chirography, but do not wish to compete with the fine-art journals.

There is no name to the poem, nor yet to the poet, so far as his written legend gives any token. His own impersonality we have no need to violate; but for purposes of reference, his poem should have a name. Accordingly we baptize it

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Oh tell me not of joys
that daly paseth by
this heart is weeping sadly
I no the reason why

I visited my home again
thow ten long years had past
the changes so aparent ware
they make me very sad

I left that home with joyous dreams
of gane of gold and fame
my visions were so very brite

I scarce could act arite

With glories rare I roamed awhile
now one could happier be
I thought the world was made for
me it seemed to be so fare

Oh tell me not of joys new
or glory won from home

Oh could I be that happy child
I near again would roam
A heart with noble impulse given
I grieved with many a care
that face I see before me now
as thow in seecret prair

Here ensue two stanzas referring to subjects which should not be jested about, and we fear the reader would be made to smile in spite of himself if the verses should be reproduced in all their unique orthography and boldly original prosody. *Hic enim ingens hiatus.* The poet adds, by way of a note to the editor:

"on facts to kill time
if it dosent apear
it will near cause a tear."

"mord."

Of what inspired thought or series of thoughts this mysterious "mord" forms the nucleus, we have no clue by which to determine, and leave the riddle just as we find it, for the archæologist of the future to decipher. Happy the poet whose emotional equilibrium is so perfect that, after coining his brain ores into lofty rhymes (or is it blank verse?), and working up his family bereavements into lines that will scan, he will "near" shed a tear, though they don't "apear," but will still continue to sweetly smile, and make more verses, his sorrows to beguile!

— A BEECHER is nothing — at least no Beecher — if not novel and sensational in his ideas. The one at Elmira, therefore — Thomas K. — is about to build a new church, or rather to have his parishioners build one, on a decidedly original plan. First, the form is to be that of an amphitheatre, and under the rearmost pews or tiers are to be sheds for the horses; the rounded end of the edifice, with the arched stables perforating it clear around, will look like the stern of an old-fashioned frigate, full of port-holes. But the features of the institution in which the dominie most delights are the two additional houses — both commodious — which will furnish space and facilities for Sunday-schools, gymnasia, bath-rooms (four or five), parlors for social gatherings, and kitchens, hospitals and numerous dormitories, for the accommodation of janitors, nurses, pau-

pers, and other persons who help or are helped by the institution. Added to all is a church horse and buggy, which are said even now to be never in want of a passenger. The plan seems to be a sensible and Yankee-like modification of the Roman Catholic system of centralizing all education, benefaction, etc., in the church, the modifications being such as adapt the benefits of these institutions to a small, semi-rural community, and the Congregational faith and forms. Mr. Beecher's plan seems to be to induce cleanliness as well as godliness; to doctor the bodies as well as the souls placed under his care; and not only to break the bread of life to the hungry, but to furnish them soups and roasts as well. The idea appears to take well with his parishioners, who have subscribed \$50,000, to be paid in yearly instalments until April 1st, 1875, at which time the undertaking is to be completed. Mark Twain, who, as a citizen of Elmira, writes up the scheme in his serious vein, is of opinion that it will work splendidly, but that it could not be made successful in any other parish. That Mr. Beecher has educated his three or four hundred church members into peculiar modes of thought concerning some things, is evident from the fact that this large sum was subscribed by them without the slightest urging, and without any subscriber's knowing how much anybody else gave. This method is eminently scriptural, but has not been considered by church financiers adapted to securing the largest amounts obtainable in such emergencies. Instead of engrossing a showy subscription note, and circulating it among the nabobs, then among the poor devils, or going it on tick until dedication-day, and then putting up a professional dedicator, who begs the congregation blind, after the fashion of an

auctioneer, thus: "Brother Brown gives \$1,000. Good! Who will see Brother Brown, or go him \$500 better? Who will give \$700 to save this church from disgrace? Who will give \$500 to keep the wolf from the door of this beautiful sanctuary? Who will give \$300? — \$200? — \$100?" etc.,—instead of this method, Mr. Beecher sent to his friends the following circular:

[CONFIDENTIAL.]

It is proposed to build a meeting-house and other rooms for the use of the church.

* * * * *
It is proposed to expend not less than \$20,000, nor more than \$50,000, according to the ability shown by the returns of these cards of confidential subscription. Any member of the church and congregation, or any friend of the church, is allowed and invited to subscribe—but no one is urged.

T. K. BEECHER, Pastor.

The result was as has been stated—a subscription according the maximum sum mentioned, and nobody grunting about church taxes. It is further stated that there are not half a dozen rich men in Mr. Beecher's parish. Churches in want of funds will do well to make a point of this.

—A WELL-KNOWN *litterateur* has been contributing an article to the "Independent" upon "Women as Social Observers." Old Cobalt, a bachelor in the first degree, insists that it is an immense subject; that women as social observers are ninety-nine hundredths of creation; that, for observing what company visits the neighbors for half a mile each way along the street, what packages each has sent home from the shops, what remark Lydia Jane let drop to her beau as he was taking his leave at the gate on Sunday evening, etc., women are what Blondin is on the tight-rope—simply unapproachable.

LAKESIDE MISCELLANY.

Lake Forest.—Every week of our observation in the vicinity of Chicago brings new evidence that our community is not wholly absorbed in things material and commercial. Known to the world, to be sure, as a city of surprising growth and great business enterprise, it is not surprising that our friends in the distance sometimes think of us as without literature or cultivation. The facts need only to be known to dispel this illusion. Not to speak of our "arts and literature" as yearly developing within the city proper, we have several charming suburbs in which cultivated homes and literary institutions of a high order are found—unsurpassed in the West or in the East.

This remark applies to Lake Forest with peculiar propriety. The natural advantages of the place, in forests, ravines, and elevated lake shore, have been so far improved, even now, as to command the visitor's admiration; while the improvements now going forward will place it at the head of all our suburban towns. The desirableness of Lake Forest as a home for our citizens is greatly increased by the institutions of learning now in operation, and yet to be established there. The academy for training lads and young men for business or college, stands very high in the estimation of the public, while "Ferry Hall," the elegant new edifice occupied by the college for young ladies, strikes the visitor as really one of the most desirable places for the education of our daughters any where to be found. With ample grounds and groves, and the

lake views it commands, there is nothing wanting in this regard; and those who are acquainted with its interior workings bear testimony to its superior advantages.

A visitor at the new hotel may record his pleasant impressions of that establishment also, which is already quite full of "well selected" guests, ruralizing to their heart's content by the shores of the great lake, or in the magnificent groves in the rear.

IT IS RARELY that enterprise, though intensified by energy, pressed to culmination by unlimited capital, and based upon closely scientific principle, elaborate and minute detail—so characteristic of Americans—has met so brilliant a success and accomplished such great good, as is developed by the inventive genius and productive skill associated in the manufacture and introduction of the sewing machine.

The *cadenza* of the old "Song of the Shirt" is now written, and it is a full harmony of gladness in millions of American homes, and it rolls in rollicking measure from the happy hearts of those whose relieved hands are now as likely to be found among violets and clover-blossom and on the key-board of a piano, as in the wearisome details of hand sewing.

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